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Thanksgiving Hymn.

(By W. J. Dawson.)

God of our sires, who knew Thy hand
Upon the seas, and sought Thy will
In building up this pleasant land
Help us that we may know Thee still.
Forbid in us the things that be
Thine insult and our injury,
The evil pride and vain desires,
That scorn Thy name; God of our sires,
Turn Thou Thy children's hearts to Thee.

Not as of old, from angry foes
We pray for triumph and release,
No plague destroys, no war-fire glows,
But lo, the perils of our peace!
The lenience of the summer's sea,
The wealth that is our poverty,
The soul asleep, the mind waxed gross
That understands not its own loss.
Turn Lord, Thy children's hearts to Thee.

For, lo, the land, O God, is Thine,
Thine by the graces manifold
Of saint and martyr, souls divine,
That gave Thee praise in days of old.
And Thine the land shall ever be,
Freed by the truth that made it free!
O Lord, baptize us for the dead,
Lest we be disinherited.
Turn Thou Thy children's hearts to Thee.
—'The World.'

Thanksgiving.

O men, grown sick with toil and care,
  Leave for a while the crowded mart;
O women, sinking with despair,
  Weary of limb and faint of heart,
Forget your years to-day and come
As children back to childhood's home.

Walk through the sere and fading wood,
  So lightly trodden by your feet,
When all you knew of life was good,
  And all you dreamed of life was sweet
And ever fondly looking back
O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruits from the orchard boughs;
  Drink from the mossy well once more;
Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows,
  With fresh, sweet clover running o'er,
And count the treasures at your feet,
Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again,
  Whose circle once was glad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
  Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tender heart and hand
The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
  And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverend head,
  Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home has been you stand
  To-day in alien loneliness;
Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
  And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though with no friend nor lover nigh,
The past is all your company.

Thank God for friends your life has known,
  For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
  God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love.

—Phoebe Cary.

What is Thanksgiving to You?

Beloved, what Thanksgiving Day is to us, what voices speak to us to-day, depends upon what we have been looking for and listening to in the days that are gone. If to-day you find yourself inclined to murmur, seeing much that is hard to bear, seeing little to be thankful for; if you find fault, instead of saying grace; if you groan, and cannot sing; if, as Whittier says:

'You see the cloud which overhangs
  A world of sin and loss,
I hear the Lord's beatitudes,
  His prayer upon the cross;'

if, in a word, you see only the dark side, I am sorry. But it can be helped swiftly to-day by an act of faith; more slowly in the year to come by obedience to God's laws. God can immediately open you eyes. You remember Elijah and the terrified young man who thought they were friendless and helpless—'Lord, open thou the young man's eyes,' prayed the prophet; and lo, 'the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire.'

Like a piece of cold iron in sand and metal filings, which brings no iron out, you see no special mercies. But wind a coil of wire about the iron, and the invisible current so aspires it that every scrap of iron leaps to meet it. You, too, can be so filled with the Spirit of Jesus to-day that God's benefits will swiftly greet your eyes and cluster about your heart.

But for the future I appeal to you, friends under the clouds, friends of the minor key, knights of the rueful countenance, missing the voice of angels, hearing only the thunder, see what can be done by your will and God's in a year. Make three resolutions:

First, resolve to do—the seraphic rather than the stormy thing; do the thoughtful thing and cause a thankful response; it will affect the air outside you, and change the tone and temper of your mind.

Second, resolve to say thankful words. However you feel, you are not obliged to talk. It is seldom your duty to say: 'What disagreeable weather!' 'What a headache I have!' There is always an appreciative word that can be uttered. As a rule, we can say what we choose. Why not choose what we say by the rule of love?

Third, resolve to look for causes for thankfulness. 'Seek, and ye shall find,' is a principle as well as a promise. Look for trouble, for sin, shame, ash-heaps, broken dishes, you will find them. Look for goodness, good people, good apples, you will find them. Look for God's goodness to-day; only so will you come to see life in its fullness.—Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.

Thanksgiving.

Once more the circle of the seasons brings to us the joyous feast of Thanksgiving. As we glance backward over the months, the retrospect reveals abundant cause for gratitude. The mercies have far outweighed all the misfortunes; the year has been full of blessings. In the nation, peace and prosperity; in the fields, a multiplied harvest of cotton, corn, wheat, and all manner of fruits; in most homes, health happiness and generous friendship. So many have been the tokens of our Heavenly Father's goodness, that the heart overflows with the sense of gratitude, which seeks to find expression at the lips.

At this season, let us not forget those whom prosperity has passed by—the poor and the needy. Let them have a share with ourselves in the general rejoicing. In order that on this day of all days they may not be unmindful of God's goodness, let us see to it that no poor family within our reach, no home where sickness or accident has prostrated the bread-winner, no widow left with her little brood to struggle single-handed with the world, is destitute of a good, substantial Thanksgiving dinner. What you give, let it be given with a liberal hand and a glad heart—

Even the humblest may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share.

When the Day is Gone.

How quiet the home is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can talk and laugh and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far-away whispers that have no sound, so that we only hear their very stillness?

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers as I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little 'First Reader.' He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson, such an easy lesson, and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach him and pushed him away from me. I remember now, I see the flush come into the little tired face, the brave, cheerful look in his eyes, his mother's brave and patient cheerfulness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor and the little face bend over the troublesome lesson, such a simple, easy lesson; any baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone, it was to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs, and goes away from the lesson he cannot read to play that comforts him. And there lies the little book just as he left it. Ah, me! I could kneel down and kiss it now, as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me to-day? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from prattling lips that quivered when I turned away? I hate the book I read, I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world, I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips cannot teach me? Do you know, I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I chose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

Ah, friend, we do not waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. These hurrying days, those busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours, are wasted when we take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your book-shelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blindest may read—a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.—R. J. Burdette.

Family Prayer.

(By M. H. W. Jaquith.)

This was the subject of one of our late prayer meetings.

'When I was a young man,' said one, 'I was boarding with my employer, who was a devoted Christian, and had prayers with his assembled family night and morning. He urged it upon me that even if I was careless and indifferent it was still my duty to pray, and called upon me sometimes to lead the family devotions. I bought a book of prayer to use, and one morning this sentence that I was thoughtlessly reading struck home to my heart: 'Oh, Lord, let us not mock Thee by making confession of sin with our lips while our hearts have no true sorrow for it.''

'The Spirit of God pressed this sentence home to me with such force that I could not proceed with the reading, and from that moment I found no peace till I laid my burden at the foot of the cross.'

A gray-haired man said, 'When a boy I lived on a farm in Vermont, where the hay crop

was of the utmost importance. My father always had family worship, reading the Bible through in course, never dividing a chapter, be it ever so long, nor omitting one even if it was made up of hard names that the children stumbled over. When I was seventeen or so, and it was what we called "catching weather" in haying, that is, frequent showers, early in the morning of a day that promised to be fair the neighbors would be called in to help. Father would always ask them in to prayers, and because he had an audience that did not often hear the Scripture read, he would always take more time than usual, expounding and enforcing the truths written, while we boys were fidgeting and chafing at what seemed to us a waste of time and money. But I have thanked God a thousand times since for that very thing in my father.

'When I went away from home a little later, still unconverted, it was to Boston. My business called me with others to New York, and twice a week, regularly, we were accustomed to take the night boat through the Sound, and card-playing was our favorite evening pastime. But at last my parents' prayers were answered, and I came into the fold. My first trip after my conversion was a dreaded time.

'"I suppose now you've got pious, Blair, you won't take a hand at cards any more," was the sneering remark of one as the usual crowd gathered round the table after supper.

'They all laughed at this and at my reply, "No, no more cards for me; I have found something better."

'There were a great many thrusts and hits given to me as they played, while I took my Testament and read. But all the time I was thinking, When it is bedtime how can I get down on my knees and pray before them all? And Satan suggested to me that I needn't do it; it might seem to them to be putting on a show; I could pray to God as well in my berth. Then I thought of my father and his testimony of prayer before his neighbors, and that saved me in this crisis. I knelt before them all, and from that time I was never chaffed nor teased; in fact, several of the crowd became Christians before the winter was over.'

While others gave their experience my mind took me back to one brilliant young professor in one of our Western colleges. He had mingled with skeptical men and scientists, and the unwavering faith of a long line of godly ancesters seemed to be broken in him. He married a beautiful girl; their home was pleasant; and, perfectly happy in his domestic life and absorbed in his scientific pursuits, he had come to feel that he could get along without God. But after a time the thought of having a child born into a prayerless house troubled him. 'My father's and mother's prayers at the family altar night and morning kept me from a great deal of temptation and sin,' he said to his dear little wife, 'and we want our children girded with all good influences.'

So for the sake of the child that was to come the family altar was set up, and this communion with God brought him back to the safe moorings of faith and love, so that when lingering and finally fatal diseases came, three years later, with no shadow to dim his assurance he passed away, confidently leaving his wife and children in the hands of a covenant-keeping God.—'Illustrated Christian Weekly.'

Acknowledgments.

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A Second-hand Thanksgiving

(Rev. William T. Gunn, in the 'C. E. World.')

It was the Rev. Roderick MacKenzie that preached the Thanksgiving sermon in our church in New Edinboro; and it was a good sermon, too, if he had just come from the Highlands of Sutherlandshire, and was none the worse for that, though the English was maybe a little strange to him. And this is the sermon he preached:—

'You will see that my sermon has four heads and three tails,' said he, and I saw Sandy Campbell smile, and indeed I wondered myself what sort of a beastie that would be.

'My first head is, "Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely." (Ps. cxlvii, 1.) It is a pleasant thing to sing praises; and there's nae doot that it is considered to be comely; that is, the respectable thing to do. If that brought you here, it 's better than if you hadna come.

'But my second head is, "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" (Ps. cvii, 8.) Now this is what brought most of you here to-day; for indeed the good crops that you have had this year, and the comfortable homes you are going to, and the good dinner that will be waiting you, all should make you thankful to Him who gave them.

'But there is a better reason still, for my third head is, "Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever." (II. Chron. xx., 21.) For you all will be saying that if it had not been for His mercy we had all been consumed. We will be, then, thankful this day for the "unspeakable gift" of God in Jesus Christ. There will be only one thing this day or any day that will be in our hearts beyond that for filling our mouths with praise.

'My fourth head, then, is this: "Praise the Lord, for the Lord is good." (Ps. cxxv, 3.) For behind all our mercies and the cause of them all is the goodness of the Lord, the good character of our God. Many a time I have been thinking if we had a God such as the heathen think they have, what a wild and terrible thing it would be. But it is not so, and in the storm and darkness, the fiery trial and the overwhelming, waters, I have said to my soul, "It is all right; God is good; He will bring it to pass."

'But now we come to the three tails, for the tail is that which logically follows the head. In all my four heads we have had one word, "praise,' but how shall we do that?

'The first tail, then, is this: Praise God by singing hymns of praise unto Him and by saying in your prayers, 'Thank you,' for all His great mercies as you do this day in the church and at your family altar. This is well.

'But for the second tail I will be asking you to think how God gave you all these things you are thankful for. Did your crop come down all threshed and in bags from an opening in the clouds? Did your education come to you from a voice out of heaven? Do the angels come and make you a comfortable home, and get you three meals a day, and wash the dishes, and go back unseen? Did God teach you the truths of eternity and build up your soul by a miracle?. No. You are saying God does these things not through miracles or by Himself directly, but through His servants. The crop came by my servants and my horses. The home came through my dear old father and my beautiful mother, or my sweet wife or sister. My education came by some of His patient, wise, and noble teachers; and my soul was built up and taught by my teacher, or a grand old elder or my own dear minister.

'Then, friends, if God sent His blessings through these, what I will be saying to you this day, and what I am wanting you to do, is to send back the thanks to Him the way He sent the blessing to you. Now has He not said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto Me"? Wherefore,

'My second tail is this: Go you home this day, and, if you have never done it before, think what blessings God has given you in and through your father and mother and brother and sister, your husband or wife or your children. Then just you tell them and thank them for it, and it will warm their hearts and your heart, and God's heart, too.

'But my third is this: There may be some so far away you cannot speak to them. Then take your pen and ink, and sit ye doon this very afternoon, and write a letter and speak out all the gratitude that has been in your hearts. They will maybe weep tears of joy when they get it, and will put it in the old Bible, where they can see it often. Ay, and some of them will keep it near them when the eyes can see no more and the hands grow cold. Moreover, God will be well pleased.'

Well, that was the end o' the sermon wi' its fower heids and three tails; and I thocht I'd try it. When I got hame, I praised the dinner and my wee wifie; and they both deserved it, but she wasna used to it, and told me to behave myself before folks. Ay, but behind their backs she gave me a bit kiss and said it warmed her heart to hear me. Then I sat down and wrote to father and mother. Dear old folks, they died just a wee while after, and we found the letter in the family Bible. O man, wasna I glad I had told them how good they had been to me and how thankful I was? I have a letter from them both that they wrote in answer, but there 's no one'll ever see it.

Then I wrote to my old teacher that had loved me, and skelpit me, and taught me when I was a wild laddie in the old home land. He hadna heard of me in thirty years; but he wrote back that when he got my letter he was sair handen wi' a bad attack o' the grip, and says he: 'Your letter did me good; for I was blue, and it was better than a tonic. It made me well.'

My minister, too, and my old chum at school, and my Sunday school teacher, and the man I worked for first, and my Aunt Janet, and—O, but there was no end; for that Thanksgiving Day lasted the whole year, and I'm no dune yet. You may say it 's no verra orthodox to give God thanks second-hand; but, O man, just try it and see. It maun please Him, for of things to warm a man's heart I never got anything like the wild Highland lad's 'three tails' and his 'second-hand thanksgiving.'—Embro, Ont.

Thanksgiving Day Thoughts.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And all that is within me, bless His holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all His benefits;
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things,
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

* * * * *

O give thanks unto the Lord, call upon His name,
Make known His doings among the peoples.
Sing unto Him, sing praises unto Him,
Talk ye of all His marvellous works.

* * * * *

O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good
For His mercy endureth forever.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Song of Thanks.

For the land that gave me birth;
For my native home and hearth;
For the change and overturning
Of the times of my sojourning;
For the world's step forward taken;
For an evil way forsaken,
For cruel law abolished;
For idol shrines demolished;

For the tools of peaceful labor
Wrought from broken gun and sabre;
For the slave chain rent asunder
And by free feet trodden under;
For the truth defeating error;
For the love that casts out terror;
For the truer, clearer vision
Of humanity's great mission;
For all that man upraises,
I sing this song of praises.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Jimmy's Club.

A gentleman sat in a plain office puzzling his head over a perplexing question. He was the agent of a benevolent society, organized to help the poor of a great city. The trouble was this:

Thanksgiving was at hand, and he had not money enough to do all that he wished to do on the coming day. He knew too many families who lived at starving point, to whom Thanksgiving brought little apparent reason for thanks.

He knew young men who did not hesitate to spend three dollars on a single rose. He knew young ladies who thought nothing of wasting more or less dollars a week on candy. Twenty-five cents would buy a sumptuous dinner for a starving child.

Many hundreds of the extremely poor looked to this man for one good dinner at Thanksgiving time. For one day in the year they hoped to have enough to eat. How was he to give it?

Suddenly, three or four soiled faces peered through the window; a timid knock followed. Five street boys and two somewhat tattered little girls trooped in. The agent recognized them as members of a city mission evening school. He said, pleasantly,

'Well, children, what can I do for you today?'

'Nothin',' answered the children, vaguely.

'You, Jimmy, you tell,' said one of the girls, giving the tallest boy a shove. Jimmy fumbled in his ragged pocket, and slowly produced a large handful of pennies and small change.

'We fellers are a club,' said Jimmy, with a grand air. 'There's twenty of us, Mister.'

'We girls are in it, too, interrupted the girl who gave the shove.

'We, all of us, and the girls, too,' responded Jimmy. 'We come from Cummin's alley, and we're a club to help Thanksgivin'. Here's—here's—nine dollars and ninety cents.'

The agent stared at the large sum—collected at what cost of self-sacrifice only the givers could say.

'It's for them that can't get no dinner,' explained the little spokesman.

'Is it?' exclaimed the good man. He hardly knew what to say as he glanced at the poor clothes and shrunken cheeks of the 'club.'

'Yes,' said Jimmy, stoutly, 'There's plenty poorer than us, Mister; we're a club to help 'em. We didn't care if we didn't have a dinner two or three days so'st we might give real poor folks one.'

'How many dinners will nine dollars and ninety cents get?' asked a little girl, rather hungrily.

'What kind of a dinner?' inquired the agent, with a perceptible weakening in his voice.

'Oh!—turkey and stuffin', and—and puddin'!' cried the children, eagerly.

'That will cost, perhaps, twenty-five cents apiece,' said the agent, 'and your money will give a fine Thanksgiving dinner to as many as thirty-five hungry people. You have done nobly, children, and I am delighted that you have been so kind and thoughtful for others.'

The dinners were bought. The 'club' distributed them. The children's first plan was to put a cabbage in with each dinner, the agent says. But there were not cabbages enough to go round. So they cut each cabbage into quarters, and put one piece into each bag.

That club of twenty poverty-stricken children worked until nine o'clock at night on the night before Thanksgiving, distributing thirty-five dinners to people 'poorer than themselves.'

This is a true story, and one that should make easy blood tingle with something akin to shame.

Generosity means comparatively nothing unless it is freighted with something of self-sacrifice. To give away an old pair of shoes that we do not want means simply a kindly disposition. To give up a luxury for a few weeks is not Spartan. But to give up what we actually need—to do what these twenty children did—is real generosity.

If starvation feeds starvation, what might not comfort and luxury do?—The 'Youth's Companion.'

Chinese Girls.

A missionary writes:—'They do not like little girls in China. There is a rock in the harbor covered with the bones of girl-babies. If more than two girls come to a home, the third is carried out there and left alone with the waves dashing all round her—left there to die! Sometimes they are found on the hills and carried to the Foundling Home, where they are fed and taught, and when they grow up they are trained as teachers. I have one as matron in the Shiu-hing School; her parents were both blind beggars, and although their babe had perfect eyes they threw her away, as she was only a girl. Now she is a valued teacher, bringing many of her native sisters to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ. For the girls who escape infanticide there is the horror of foot-binding. When the girl is about five, the feet are crunched and bound with bandages which are never taken off, except to bind them tighter, and the little one screams with pain, but is forced to walk on them. All girls are not bound, but for many of the girls who have natural feet there is slavery. Yes, girls are bought and sold like goods and chattels, and are thought no more of than a pig and a cow. Every girl in China has her market value, and is sold to be either a wife or a slave. The C.M.S. Home and Orphanage is the refuge of many girls of all ages who run away from their cruel mistresses and find protection under the British flag, bruised bodies and broken spirits telling the sad tale of cruel suffering. Infant betrothals are another cruel custom. They are considered as binding as the marriage tie; no matter what the children grow up to be, they are bound to each other for ever. To-day I heard of a bright young convert who has been betrothed from infancy to a girl who now refuses to learn anything or listen to the Gospel. He and many others are groaning under this cruel custom, and wish they were allowed to choose for themselves, but the old folks shake their heads at this reform.'—C.M.S. Report.

Theresa's Plan.

A Thanksgiving Story.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'C. E. World.')

'Wait! O, won't you wait and let me plan?' besought Theresa. Theresa was the family planner; her plans, Joe-Johnny said, always 'mounted to things.' Joe-Johnny admired Theresa.

'For we've "got" to think of a way!' continued the family planner anxiously.

There were little creases in her face, and her small brown hands kept opening and shutting, as they always did when she was anxious. All the others watched her face and waited. At New Meadows the neighbors said there are six little Homers, Theresa and the Others.

'There's 'leven cents to buy it with'; for a wonder, Lutie volunteered this; ordinarily she was as quiet as a waiter on Theresa's plans as the other Others. 'I don't see how we can buy a Thanksgiving dinner with 'leven——'

'Didn't I say to "wait?"'

'Yes; ain't you 'shamed, Lutie Homer? Didn't she say to wait?' And Lutie, with a little long-drawn sigh, waited, too.

But it was hard work. She did so want a Thanksgiving dinner, and all the other Others did 'so want!'

And, besides, mustn't they write it to mother? Mustn't they say, 'Dear mother, there was turkey to it, an' cramb'ry sauce, an' stuffin'—it was a splendid Thanksgiving dinner'? Because, if they didn't write that,—Theresa "said" if they didn't write that,—then mother would not get well near so quick—not near! She would lie there on her little white cot,—what was a cot?—Theresa said, an' worry instead of get well.

For there'd always been a Thanksgiving dinner before, even in the Bad Year when the bank failed. That year it was a chicken, a little, leany one; but all the other years it had been a turkey. Mother had always 'planned' a turkey. But Theresa—O, how could Theresa 'plan' a turkey with only 'leven cents?

Lutie sank her round chin deep into her little scooped palms, and sighed another soft sigh. All the other Others, waiting patiently, heard it, and echoed it in spite of themselves. It was then that Theresa came out of her brown study, and took pity on the Others.

'You little poors!' she cried pityingly; 'no, you shan't wait any longer! You go right straight outdoors, and go to playing things. I've almost planned a plan, but I've got to "end" it; it will take me a lot o' time to end it. So you might as well be playing things. It wears you all out to sit still like this, you little poors!'

When Theresa called them 'little poors,' it meant she was the tender Theresa that tucked them in nights, and darned them—not the sharp Theresa. The Others all loved the tender Theresa.

Mother had been two long months at the House of the White Cots, and the six little Homers had been keeping house alone, or rather Theresa had been keeping house for the Others alone. Two months can be a very long time indeed!

Mother—sick, white mother—had planned everything carefully and prayerfully before

she went on her hard journey. She had left a special white envelope in Theresa's care, marked 'Thanksgiving dinner' on the outside. 'Get a "little" turkey, dear,' she had said; 'but make heaps of stuffing and gravy, to make it spend. The stuffing rule is in the plain cook-book, and the gravy rule's in the brown one. It will break mother's heart if you don't have a good Thanksgiving dinner. You must write me all about it.'

O that was it! they must write and tell mother all about it. She was not to worry; the nurse had written that she was not to worry, 'anyway.' That was so very important. But it would worry her if her heart broke; perhaps it would kill her.

'We must have a Thanksgivin' dinner,' decided anxious little Theresa, 'even if the doctor has eaten it all up,' she added sorrowfully. It sounded a little strange, but it was all plain enough to Theresa.

She got out the little empty envelope, and peered with wistful eyes into it, as if she hoped some blessed miracle had put the 'Thanksgiving dinner' back. There had not been a great deal of money in it in the first place, when mother put it into her hand; 'but "some's so" much better'n none!' Theresa sighed. If only it hadn't taken it all, every single cent, to pay the doctor for curing Joe-Johnny's and the twins' measles. But measles are pretty expensive things, and 'three' measles!

Of course they had not let mother know about the measles. In the House of Little White Cots, in mothers' little white cot, the patient sufferer had not dreamed of such a complication as measles in her little brood at home.

After quite a long while Theresa appeared among the Others out in the yard. She had on her dressed-uppest apron, and walked down the steps and across the grass to them with her grown-uppest air. But Joe-Johnny and Lutie noticed things—Joe-Johnny, that her face was white, and Lutie, that her eyes were red. They went to meet her with serious little faces.

'I've planned a plan,' Theresa announced clearly, but her eyes seemed to be pitying them as she said it. 'You stand in a row, an' listen to it.' Her voice was the tender Theresa's voice.

'So you see you can't do anything but smell of it,' she finished gently, all the little cruel plan unfolded. 'It won't be an "eat" Thanksgiving dinner—O, I couldn't plan an eat one, I couldn't, I couldn't!' she cried, her firm little voice breaking into a kind of wail of pity for them; she never thought of herself. 'This is all the plan I could plan; I've done the best I could! Now I—I'm g-going over to Mis' Reed's.'

She was sobbing as she turned away. She did not look back at them at all. They would have been smiling, if she had; for Joe-Johnny had passed the word along in a whisper: 'Smile! Smile, if it kills you dead! Remember mother!'

Mrs. Reed was the next-door neighbor. She was baking Thanksgiving pies, and the red tints of heat in her lean cheeks made her look a little—a very little, Theresa thought—less grim and grave than usual. Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Reed's husband lived alone on the great, thrifty farm. Mrs. Reed made it one of her 'principles' to celebrate duly each national holiday. There was always a Reed Thanksgiving dinner.

'Good eve—I mean good morn—I mean good afternoon,' faltered little Theresa in the kitchen doorway. Her courage was oozing away rapidly. But she remembered mother; she caught back the last pitiful little remnant of it, and held on to it desperately. 'I've come to see—to see if I could borrow your Thanksgiving dinner,' she said in her shaky, clear little voice. She was prepared for—things, but not for the speechless amazement in Mrs. Reed's face. It sent her on hurriedly.

'Just for a very little while, I mean—O, a "ve-ry!" Just long enough for us to sit around it, so I can write mother, you know. An' "smell"—I thought maybe you'd be willing for us to smell a little easy; so I could say, "O, how good it smelled!" We'll take it over just as carefully, an' bring it right back in a few minutes. We won't spill anything, or hurt anything a mite—just put the things on the table an' sit around 'em.' She was hurrying on eagerly. She did not quite dare to look at Mrs. Reed's face. 'Because if we don't—I mean, if you "can't," then I can't write mother all about it; an' she said it would break her heart. I—I'm afraid that would kill her! The nurse said we mustn't tell her any worry things. You see, she planned our Thanksgivin' dinner, but she didn't plan our measles; that's why I thought, an' thought; but I couldn't plan another single plan but this. We'll take such ve-ry good care of it—if you think you could lend it to us—'

When Theresa went back to the Others, she walked a little faster, and she was not sobbing. She was not smiling. 'Yes, she will,' she told them quietly. 'Mis' Reed's a very 'commodating-hearted woman.'

The next day was Thanksgiving Day. Theresa and all the Others dressed in their dressed-uppest clothes, and filed soberly over to the next-door neighbor's house. Mrs. Reed was expecting them. She had the dinner 'dished-up' and waiting. She and Theresa loaded all the little careful hands, and turned the procession face about. With the turkey, rich and brown on its blue-and-white platter, Theresa stepped cautiously along in the rear; she would not let Mis' Reed carry it for her.

'It ain't as heavy as the other one,' that lady murmured as she watched the file of children cross the short space between the two houses. 'I guess she'll feel better to take it herself; she's that kind.' And with that Mrs. Reed went back to her kitchen, and basted the other brown turkey in her great oven. The grimness seemed to have gone out of her face; her mouth-corners were even up-curving a little as if she were beginning to smile. Mis' Reed's thoughts seemed to be pleasant thoughts.

Theresa and the Others arranged the bountiful Thanksgiving dinner on the dining-room table, and sat down solemnly in their usual places.

'Joe-Johnny,' Theresa said, and Joe-Johnny asked the blessing.

'We thank Thee, O Lord, for this Thanksgivin' dinner here in our midst,' he prayed slowly; then, quite suddenly, as if he could bear no more, he said, 'Amen.'

'It's a splendid Thanksgiving dinner,' Theresa murmured, and one by one they all repeated it after her.

'There's turkey to it, an' cramb'ry sauce, an' stuffin',' prompted Joe-Johnny, and they repeated that.

'You can draw in your breath and smell it,' Theresa said gently; then in the same breath she uttered a sharp cry. She had discovered a piece of white paper skewered to the turkey's side.

'O! O! it says you can "eat" it!' she exclaimed shrilly, thinking of the Others, not of herself. 'It says: "You needn't return anything but the dishes. You're welcome to everything else. It's your Thanksgiving dinner." Joe-Johnny, ask another blessing quick!'

'O Lord—O Lord, we thank Thee it's an "eat" Thanksgivin' dinner,' prayed little Joe-Johnny, reverently. 'We never thought it would be an eat one; O, no, we never! We can't begin to tell Thee how s'prised an' 'bliged we are.'

The letter that went to the House of Little White Cots told mother all about it. 'O, how good it smelled!' the letter said. 'But it tasted gooder still! There wasn't anything but the dishes left when we got through.' And mother kissed the little letter, and went to sleep with it under her cheek.

Thanksgiving Day.

Are you going home for Thanksgiving,
My brave and noble boy—
Are your writing the dear old mother
And filling her heart with joy?
How her eyes have watched the orchard
As the leaves were turning brown,
For they tell of the glad Thanksgiving
That shall bring her boy from town.

Are you going home for Thanksgiving,
O man with locks of gray,
Or are there but graves to greet you
On the once glad happy day?
Are the voices hushed that charmed you,
Is your childhood lost in tears,
And the sunshine of your boyhood
All shadowed by the years?

Are you going home for Thanksgiving?
Say, pilgrim, as ye roam,
There are loved ones waiting, longing,
To bid us welcome home —
God grant that when life's harvest
Is finished, and in love
The Father calls his children,
We may all be found above.

—Selected.

A Confused Thanksgiving.

(Harriet T. Comstock, in the Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.')

The week before Thanksgiving Mr. and Mrs. Bennet were obliged to leave home suddenly on business. The last thing Mrs. Bennet said to Janet was:

'Invite some girls to take dinner with you on Thanksgiving Day. Any mother will spare her daughter under the circumstances.' And poor Janet, under her heartache, took comfort.

Then there was brother Jack, aged 10. Janet had him to consider; somehow they must have a happy day in spite of all. So Janet set to work to choose her guests.

Now in Janet's heart there was a wrong rankling. Her best friend had accepted an invitation some time before—an invitation that had not been extended to her! Janet had hoped her friend would decline because of loyalty to her, but no, she had gone to the party, had a good time, and Janet resented it.

'I will leave Helen out,' thought Janet with a hardening of her heart, 'and I'll invite some fashionable girls, just to show her that I can form a circle outside our own. It may teach her a lesson.'

It was odd how heavy hearted Janet was after this decision, but with a grim setting of the lips she went to work at the desk.

Jack sat by the window munching candy. He was going to play football later on; he had an appointment with his chum and he held his big silver watch in his hand.

'All done,' cried Janet, suddenly, 'but not a stamp. Here, Jack, mail these for me at the corner. There's a quarter; you may keep the

change for sodas. I've invited the three nicest girls in town to dinner on Thanksgiving Day and will ask Ted for you. How's that?'

Jack's eyes glistened. He snatched the dainty white notes and the money, then rushed from the room, shouting, 'Thanks, Janet; you're all right.'

At the corner drug store Jack came in violent contact with a sturdy body that nearly knocked him down. It proved to be his chum, Ted, red in the face and panting with anger and exertion.

'Game's off,' he screamed in Jack's face. 'Moguls are quitters. Wouldn't it jar you?'

'They're scared,' he said, gloomily; 'scared to death. They're meanies!'

With that Jack arose slowly, went to the letter box on the lamp post and dropped in the invitations; then he resumed his seat by Ted and began more observations regarding the Moguls, while he flipped the shining quarter deftly. Suddenly a look of horror spread over his freckled face.

'Great guns,' he exclaimed.

'What's up?' asked Ted, sympathetically.

'I've put those letters in without stamps!'

'Gee!' whistled Ted.

Then Jack thought of Janet's generosity and faith in him, and a great wave of remorse swept over his soul.

'They were invitations to dinner,' he sighed.

'Who to?' questioned Ted, a gleam of hope rising.

'I'm blest if I know—but they're the three nicest girls. Mother said Janet could invite them, and she's going to ask you, too.'

At this Ted's interest heightened, but his hope faltered.

'If you only knew their names,' he sighed, 'we could go and ask them and beg them not to tell, but we'll just have to guess!'

'Guess?' faltered Jack.

'Yep! I didn't know there were three nice girls in town. I only know two. Most of them are—well, you know! There's Janet and—and Barbara Dale; do you know any others?' This was a problem, and the conspirators on the stone step looked desperate.

'Helen's pretty good,' mused Jack, 'and of course Janet will have her.'

'Course!' agreed Ted, 'but she's awful stuck up.'

'And there's Barbara Dale, sure. I heard Janet tell mother once that Barbara was one of the best girls in school, only she was unfashionable and poor, and the girls dare not take her up.'

'Sillies,' snapped Ted. 'I told you that Barbara was nice. Now the third one. Then we can begin.'

The third one was a poser until at last Jack had an inspiration.

'I know!' he cried, 'it's Margaret Dow. Her mother's dead, and her father travels, and she lives in a horrid boarding house, and once mother asked Janet why she didn't do something for Margaret, and Janet laughed and said Margaret was nice, but queer, but when she had a chance she would invite her to a good square meal. I'll bet it's Margaret, all right.'

'Sure!' agreed Ted. 'Now let's hurry.'

So away they went with kindness in their hearts, and never a doubt that Janet's idea of nice and theirs might differ.

They went to Margaret's first. A frowsy maid opened the door and left them standing on the stoop while she called Margaret.

— Poor little Margaret, pale and dressed in black, soon appeared.

'Won't you come in?' she smiled.

'No, thank you!' blurted Jack, 'my sister sent me—least she wants to invite you to——'

'A good sq—,' Ted broke in wildly. 'Square dinner!' groaned Jack, trying to have the day, and glaring at hapless Ted. 'It's for Thanksgiving, and she wants you very much, and please when you answer—' here Jack pleaded awkwardly:

'Please don't mention us—just answer as if you had got a note!'

Margaret laughed, promised merrily, and the boys went gratefully on their way.

Next came Helen. She opened the door herself.

'Hello; Jackie and Ted,' she said, familiarly, 'glad to see you.'

'Janet wants you to come to Thanksgiving dinner,' began Jack, seating himself in the hall on the same chair Ted had chosen.

'Wants me?' cried Helen, dimpling, 'I thought she was angry.' This was a surprise to Jack and he paused, but Ted ably plunged in.

'She was,' he said, promptly, 'but she's ashamed of herself. She wants to make up, and its lonely—and its Thanksgiving—and—she hopes you'll say yes.

'And please,' here Jack cleared his throat; 'when you answer, just make believe you got a stunning none, and don't mention us!'

Helen burst into laughter.

'I'll beg mother to let me go,' she gasped, and Jackie, here's some fudge; fill your pockets. Oh! dear, but this joke is delicious!'

'Joke!' glared Jack.

'Fudge!' laughed Helen, 'excuse me boys.' So that was settled. Now there was only Barbara. She lived in an unfashionable part of the town and was slighted by the girls of the school every place. She was being educated by a rich relative, but found it no easy task to wear shabby clothes and mingle with others who were far better arrayed. 'But it will pay by and by!' was brave Barbara's motto, 'education now, and easier times ahead.' The boys found her on the sunny porch studying algebra.

'Hello!' they greeted. Barbara looked up surprised. She had few callers. 'Why its Janet's brother!' she replied, 'come in.' So they went in.

'We've come to invite you to Thanksgiving dinner,' Jack began the formula, 'mother and father are away.'

'So are mine,' Barbara interrupted, 'grandmother is sick.'

'Well, Janet wants you, she's asked some others. We're going to have fun.' Barbara was dimpling prettily as Helen had done.

'It's odd that Janet thought of me,' she mused.

'She's going to take you up,' began Ted, determined to do his share of the business. He got so far when Jack turned a strong stare upon him.

'This isn't your party!' he warned. 'He means,' Jack continued to Barbara, 'that Janet's sorry she hasn't invited you before. She's asking you to something special now, to make up.'

'Oh!' smiled Barbara, 'she's a dear.'

'She was in an awful hurry,' Jack went on, 'and so when you answer just do it as if—as if—'

'We were a note!' nodded Ted, rising above Jack's snub.

Barbara was laughing helplessly. 'All right!' she gasped.

'Well, I tell you!' groaned Jack as he and Ted scampered away, 'I'm glad that's over! Now we can have an ice cream soda.'

The next day Jack sat in his sister's room reading the last Henty book, and Janet was sewing by the further window, when the maid brought in three letters. Janet took them, open them one by one, and as she read her face grew strange to see.

Jack, innocent and happy, read his book. At last he was roused by Janet's cry:

'What—does—this—mean?' He looked up.

'What?' he asked.

'Just read them!' Janet had to confide in some one, and Jack was near at hand.

The three notes were all happy acceptances, and not one word about the boys.

'Well,' sighed Jack with relief, 'what's the matter? Didn't you want them to come?'

'Want them?' sobbed Janet, 'I never asked them. This—this—is an impudent trick!'

It was Jack's turn to grow amazed.

'You said the three nicest girls,' he wailed, 'and Ted and I—'

'Ted and you!' Janet had him by the shoulders, 'now—tell—me—all! I dare you!'

Jack never took a dare, and out the story came.

Janet listened, then she turned to the notes so sweetly filled with faith in her and her kindness. As she thought, a shame for herself and a thankfulness that Jack had saved her rose high and strong.

'I—I—do want them!' she cried, 'oh! Jack, this is going to be a real Thanksgiving Day, and you made it, you dear, old chap. I can never thank you enough.'

Jack was very much surprised, but dignity upheld him.

And such a dinner as that was! Four happy girls, and two radiant boys laughed and chatted around the chrysanthemums and dishes of good things which Mammy Loo, the cook, had provided. Jack and Ted reveled in as many 'helps' as they wanted, and no one kept count. After dinner came games in the library, with nuts and candy to help along the fun, and the day ended in a halo of bliss.

That night Janet wrote the whole story to her mother, finishing with, 'and now I know what a real Thanksgiving means. It means making others thankful.'

The Thanksgiving at Grandmother's.

There's a smell of cooking all over the house;
Hurrah for the pudding and pies,
Arranged on the shelves where not even a mouse
Need meddle with Grandma's supplies!
Keen glances steal in at the half-open door,
Sly feet cross the threshold to see
Grapes, apples, and nuts—such a tempting display—
I think that with me you'll agree,
Very much of the pleasure Thanksgiving brings
Is to smell, and to taste, and to see;
Nor can you deny that on Thanksgiving Day
Grandmother holds court in a right royal way.

—Helen M. Richardson, in the 'Standard.'

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Sharing.

I counted up my little store.
Why was to others given more?
Why were their lips with honey fed,
While mine had Labor's hard-earned bread?
A weary, hopeless task seemed living.
I could not bring to God thanksgiving.

There came a poor man to my door.
I shared with him my scanty store;
When, lo! my sense of want had flown,
And rarest riches were my own!
So sweet is Love's divided bread,
I seemed with Heaven's own manna fed.
What blessed joy there was in living!
I brought to God my glad thanksgiving.

—Marian Douglas.

His Chance Came.

(Cora S. Day.)

'If I only had a chance—'

John did not finish the sentence, but drew tighter the reins of the horse he was riding, while his eyes grew bright with the mentally finished wish.

'The chance for what?' asked Harry, his companion, on a big bay that trotted beside John's own gray mount. Both boys were employed at the livery stable just down the street, and were out exercising the horses, as a part of their regular morning duties.

'If I had the chance, I'd learn all about wheels and things—machinery, you know. I love it,' replied John. As he spoke he drew his horse up and to one side of the village street to let an automobile pass. It was a small one, one-seated only, and occupied by a man and a little girl whose sunny curls were blown across her face by the breeze of their swift pace. She tossed them back with a smile at the boys as they passed.

John's big gray was fearless of all such objects as automobiles or trains; but Harry was having some trouble to keep his more nervous mount from bolting.

'That was Dr. Reese and his little girl,' said John, as Harry brought his horse down to a walk beside the quiet gray again.

'Was it?' said Harry. 'I was too busy to notice. This bay will make trouble for somebody one of these days, if they don't know just how to manage him when one of those affairs comes along.'

'Old gray does not mind them at all. I'd love to run one—day and night,' said John, enthusiastically. Harry laughed heartily.

'They're nice enough, but a real live horse is my choice,' and he patted the proudly arched neck of the still excited bay. John shook his head.

'I'd drop this work in a minute if I could get to run one of those for somebody. I know how, too. I've helped a good bit about them down at the station, just for a chance to learn about the machinery of them. I hope they will give me a job there some day. It's fine,' and the enthusiast on 'wheels and things' sighed a real sigh at thought of the chance which was not yet his.

'I guess we had better turn back now,' said Harry, after they had gone on a little farther.

'All right,' responded John, and turning the horses toward the stables they started back.

A little beyond where they had passed the automobile they saw it standing in front of a house, with only the little girl in it. Evidently the doctor was making a call upon a patient, and had left her to wait for him.

Both horses went along quietly enough this time, though the bay pricked up his ears suspiciously, even at the motionless car. Then, just as they came up beside it, something happened.

The spirit of mischief must have prompted the child in the car. Leaning forward suddenly, with a backward, smiling glance at the boys, she seized the starting lever with both small hands. The next instant the big bay sprang madly forward and dashed down the street at the sound of the starting car, with the automobile close behind him, and the helpless, frightened child clinging to the lever and increasing the speed every moment.

John saw her danger and her only chance of escape together.

'Come, boy,' he cried, giving the gray a sharp slap; 'come, we'll have to catch that and stop it, or there will be trouble,' and obediently gathering himself together, the horse started on the mad race as if he understood every word.

The automobile was not going very fast yet. If the child would only let the lever alone John could easily overtake it and carry out his plan. But even as he thought this the car started forward with redoubled speed, and he saw that if he was to stop it at all, it must be done soon.

Digging his knees into the horse's side for a firmer seat, the boy slapped him again and again, and the spirited animal responded nobly. Breaking into a run he tore down the street, slowly but surely gaining upon the runaway car with its precious freight.

Down the street a little group, warned by Harry as he passed, cheered the horse and rider on. The child turned her white, tear-wet face back toward the pursuer, and sobbed piteously for 'papa.'

'I'll help you,' shouted John, as the big gray pounded on, close behind the car now. 'Get over on the other side, out of my way. Let go of the lever—don't pull it a bit,' and he guided the running horse as close to the car as he dared.

The time had come for him to make the last move. It meant safety for the child if he did not fail. If he did fail, it meant for himself—

'Lord help me to do it, and not get hurt,' he said in his heart, and leaped for the car.

The big gray stopped as soon as it was possible for him to do so, from simple astonishment at losing his rider so suddenly. A half dozen men and boys were officiously holding him, to his mild annoyance, when John came up with the car he had captured so cleverly, the frightened little girl huddled close up to him, but smiling already through her tears, too young to realize the danger she had escaped.

It was a pale-faced father who took her in his arms a few minutes later, and then turned to John.

'That was the bravest thing I ever heard of,' he said. 'Where did you learn to run an automobile,' And John told him briefly. 'Come home with me—or, no—you have your horse to take back to the stables, and I am in a hurry. Come around this evening, and I'll have a talk with you,' said the busy doctor, taking his place in the automobile beside the little girl.

John promised and kept his word.

That talk brought out John's ambition; and then and there he found his chance. The doctor engaged him to run his car for him in place of a young man lately dismissed; and more than that, and more to the point for John and his ambition, he promised the boy a chance to attend classes in which he could learn all about the wheels and things in which his heart delighted; and so fit himself for the work he was sure to love and do well, and in which he could best serve himself and the world.—'Classmate.'

Thanksgiving in a Lumber Camp.

(Hope Daring, in the 'North-Western Advocate.')

'Ray, my boy, what does Thanksgivin' mean, anyhow?'

Raymond Lee started. It was the daybreak hour of an autumnal day. In the dim light the two men were threading their way through a pine forest. On either hand the straight trunks rose like pillars and, far above the heads of the passing men, the branches formed a dense green canopy. Under foot a carpet of pine needles deadened the sound of their footfalls.

'Surely, Tim, you know what Thanksgiving is!'

'I'm 'shamed to say I don't, not rightly. You see, my boy, I don't know much,' and the gray eyes of Tim Brown, the 'half-wit' of Haskins' lumber-camp, frankly met those of his companion.

Tim was short and humpbacked, with long, sinewy arms. Notwithstanding his deformity and his tangled dark hair and beard, it was a kindly if not a clever face which peered up at Raymond.

'You see,' Tim went on, 'I heard cook say we was to have a slap-up dinner—turkey and oysters—on Thursday, 'cause it was Thanksgivin'. I guess we'll all be thankful for such a blowout, if that's what it means.'

Raymond turned away his face. 'Thanksgiving!' he murmured impatiently. 'Thanksgiving here!'

The younger man formed a most decided contrast to Tim. Raymond was tall, broad-shouldered and carried himself proudly erect. He had a fair, clear-cut face and steel-blue eyes.

'I'm sorry I axed ye, if ye care,' Tim said, feeling that something was wrong.

'Never mind, Tim. Thanksgiving is a day set aside by—well, by our country at large as a time of family reunions and thanksgiving to God for his blessings.'

'And I never knowed! Most of the boys won't care, but, Ray, ye've got a lot to be thankful for.'

'I?'

'Yes,' and Tim cheerily refused to note the scorn in the other's voice. 'I don't jest know what's in the few years behind ye nor what brought the likes of ye here, but ye're straight and strong, ye know books and ye've had a chance. The boys here air different, but ye've had a chance, Ray.'

They had reached an opening in the forest. Tim threw aside his coat, seized an ax and began, with sturdy strokes, to chop down a tall pine. Raymond stood lost in thought. A chance? Yes, he had had that, and he had thrown it away.

'It's nobody's business but my own,' he said to himself, trying to forget the bowed form, scholarly face and white head that would rise up before him.

With a sudden start he came back to his present. The sun was rising, painting the eastern sky with varying tints of yellow and rose. The wind in the pines sang a low, sad refrain.

'But I've no time to think of color and harmony,' and under his tawny mustache Raymond's lip curled. 'Those things belong to the past, to college halls and parlors. I'm only a lumberman. Well, I'm free from the old superstitions, yet I sometimes ask myself if freedom is worth the price I paid for it.'

Haskins's Camp was situated in northern Minnesota. Raymond was a new hand, having arrived but three weeks before. His fellow-workmen saw at once that he was not one of them. They resented his correct speech, personal neatness, and especially his refusal to join in their rough amusements. His silence regarding his past was also looked upon with suspicion. The men were rough and uncultured. Many of them were addicted to drink, while oaths and Sabbath breaking were the rule rather than the exception. There was nothing in their surroundings to inspire them to better living.

Tim had been a member of the crew for many years. Notwithstanding his dulness, he was a general favorite. To the surprise of all, he seemed attracted to Raymond. He expressed his preference in many unobtrusive ways and won a kindly tolerance from the young man.

'RAY, MY BOY, WHAT DOES THANKSGIVIN' MEAN, ANYHOW?'

Thanksgiving day came. On that morning Raymond woke from a troubled sleep. All night his dreams had been haunted by visions of the glad Thanksgiving days of his past.

Snow was falling rapidly, for winter had already come to that northern land. Raymond and Tim were working with a large party of choppers.

'Fifteen minutes more and it will be time to start for dinner—a real Thanksgiving dinner'—one of the men cried with an oath.

At that moment a monarch of the forest came to the ground with a resounding crash. Above this noise rang out a cry of terror and pain.

It was Tim. He had chanced to stand where the great branches swept him from his feet and pinned him to the earth.

Raymond was the first to reach his side. Carefully the men freed him, finding the poor bent body fearfully mangled.

'I guess it's all over with me, boys,' he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady. 'Ray, stay by me. Oh, be careful!'

They carried him to the camp. A man was started on horseback to the nearest village, twenty miles distant, for a doctor. All feared Tim would not live until the doctor arrived, and his suffering was great.

When he had been laid on a rude bunk near the great stove he looked up wistfully into the faces of his companions.

'It's death, boys. And on Thanksgivin'. Tell me 'bout God, him I've never thanked. But no one ever told me.'

A strange silence fell upon the group of men, a silence broken only by the howling of the wind outside. Tim spoke again.

'Ray, tell me. It must be ye know, 'cause ye're different from the rest of us.'

All eyes turned toward the young man. He bent lower over Tim, asking:

'What is it you want to hear?'

'All 'bout him. Will he be mad 'cause I never thanked him? You see I don't know much, and nobody ever told me. Can't you tell him so? Can't you, my boy?'

Raymond Lee's face grew stern and white. His father was a minister. He had himself been a theological student. The influence of a skeptical classmate and the reading of books loaned by him had instilled doubt into Raymond's mind. Dominated by an idea of his own mental superiority, the youth went on, until a day came when he scoffed at the faith of his dead mother and denied God.

There had been a stormy interview with the college president. This man laid so much stress on the righteous wrath of Raymond's father that the son resolved to cut himself loose from home ties. He wrote defiantly to his father of his change of views and went out into the world, leaving no clue whereby he could be traced.

Dark days had followed. It had not been easy to find work. Raymond Lee had learned the emptiness of a life without hope in God or confidence in man. He hungered for the sound of his father's voice, but was too proud to return home and beg forgiveness. In a fit of desperation he had hired out to the foreman of Haskins' lumber camp.

All those things flashed through his mind in a moment. This dying man was asking him to pray, and he had said there was no God. A groan broke from his lips.

'Tim, I cannot. I—' and he paused, unable to say that he did not believe in the God to whom, in the hour of death, even the half-witted Tim had turned.

'Can't! Why, I 'sposed ye knew him. Ye've had a chance.'

Raymond could bear no more. Turning away, he rushed out into the storm.

For hours he strode back and forth through the trackless forest. He heeded not the wind nor the snow. Face to face he met and grappled with the problem of man's relation to divinity.

Raymond Lee was alone with God. In that hour his boasted skepticism fell from him. The theories of science and law, upon which he had rested, gave way beneath him. There was but one sure foundation for man's life—trust in God as Creator and Father and in his Son as the world's Redeemer.

Shadows were beginning to gather in the room where Tim lay when the door opened to admit Raymond. With a firm step he crossed to the side of the dying man.

'Tim, I have been with God. He has forgiven me, sinner that I am. Now I have come to tell you of His love.'

Simply, tenderly, he told the story of salvation. Others gathered round the bed. Could they doubt the truth of the words spoken when they saw the light that came to Tim's face?

'I see,' he gasped. 'He'll remember that I never had a chance. Tell Him that, please.'

Raymond knelt down. First one and then another of the rough men dropped upon their knees.

Never had Raymond Lee prayed as in that hour. God was with him. Round him were men who in Tim's own words had 'never had a chance.' He prayed with a faith born of absolute relief in God's willingness to save.

'It's all right,' Tim murmured, 'I'm going to Him. Ray, you tell everybody.'

'Yes, Tim. I will spend my life telling this story.'

'It's Thanksgivin',' the dying man went on feebly. 'I thank Him.'

A few moments more and all was over. Raymond faced his fellow workmen.

'Tim is gone. Boys, I have gone back to the service I pledged to God many years ago. You heard my promise to Tim. Will you forgive the spirit I have shown toward you and let me begin by telling you?'

'Yes, we will,' was the reply of the leader among the men. 'When we come where Tim is we will wish we had heard.'

Before Raymond slept he wrote a long letter to his father. He would remain where he was until he received an answer to the letter. The next night he held a meeting and began to tell the story of Christ's life, death and resurrection.

The third evening came. At the close of Raymond's informal but heartful talk, the door opened to admit a stranger, a tall, spare man with snow-white hair.

'Father!'

'My son! I came to help you here,' and Raymond Lee was clasped in his father's arms.

The work begun on Thanksgiving day at Haskins's camp went on until seventy souls were born anew into the kingdom of God.

Raymond Lee had found his life's work. Doubt and disbelief were forever laid aside in that hour when a dying man begged him to cry unto God for assurance of salvation.

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The Fate of the Greedy Turkey

(J. Torrey Connor, in 'Sunbeams.')

Of all in mother turkey's brood
The greediest was chick;
He ate enough at every meal
To make four turkeys sick.

In vain the mother wrung her claws—
She knew not what to do.
In vain the younger turkeys cried:
'Your brothers hunger, too.'

He ate, and ate, and ate and ate,
And fatter grew each day;
Until one morn at breakfast time
I heard the farmer say:

'To-night we'll kill that greedy bird—
The thieving little sinner,
He is just fat enough to make
A fine Thanksgiving dinner.'

How Pat Was Saved.

(L. B. L., in the 'Union Gospel News.')

Pat was the biggest and the finest turkey in the neighborhood. Everyone who saw him said so, and Sammy was very proud of his pet. He had put the turkey egg in old Biddy's nest, and there hatched out the cutest little turkey you ever saw. But that was in the spring time and during the summer days Pat had grown so large that he was a wonder.

Sammy was in trouble and as he shelled corn for Pat he talked to him about it. He had overheard his father and John talking that morning and they said Pat would make 'fine eating.' He knew then it was settled that Pat should be killed for the Thanksgiving dinner. Sammy was heart sick.

'I just won't let them kill you, Patsy. We'll hide, you and I; we'll run away and I guess they'll be sorry.'

Pat did not seem to understand how serious the trouble was, for he kept on eating corn as fast as Sammy could shell it.

The day before Thanksgiving, Sammy was out of bed almost before it was light. It was colder than he had thought it would be, but he took a blanket from his bed, and a few doughnuts and apples which he had taken up stairs the night before, and stealing quietly out of the house he hurried to the granary where Pat slept and unlocked the door.

'You must be quiet Patsy, or they'll hear us,' he said softly, then filling his pockets with shelled corn, he picked up the turkey and started. It was quite a long ways to the further meadow where there was an old shed which had once been used for sheep. Pat was not easily carried, but Sammy had tied a string to his foot, so he could not get away, and after a while he succeeded in reaching the place of safety. There was a part of the shed which was filled with straw and there Sammy made a little house, and wrapping the blanket around himself, he snuggled down in the straw, while Pat was happy eating the corn Sammy had brought for him.

Sammy thought of many strange things. He almost felt as though he was a boy in a story book. He tried not to think of the nice hot breakfast at home and he wondered what his mother would say when she found she had no little boy.

Mr. Harding, Sammy's father, was up early too, and he and John had planned to kill the turkey before Sammy was awake. They, too, stole quietly out of the house and hurried to the granary, but were surprised enough to find the turkey gone.

'Someone has stolen him, all right,' John said. 'He was the finest bird in the county.'

While they were talking, Sammy's mother called to them in a frightened voice that Sammy was not in the house. Where could he be?

Mr. Harding smiled. 'That explains matters,' he said pleasantly. 'Poor child! I did not know he thought so much of the turkey. He must have heard us say something about Thanksgiving dinner. Well, we must hunt the runaways. It's too chilly for them to stay away long.'

Such a hunt as they had, calling, 'Sammy! Sammy!' everywhere they went. The work of the morning was forgotten; the cows were not milked, the breakfast grew cold, and still no trace of the truants. It was almost dusk before anyone thought of the shed in the meadow. Sammy's mother was almost frantic, thinking something dreadful must have happened to him, but when Mr. Harding and John opened the door to the sheep shed, their fears were forgotten. Sammy was sound asleep, as warm as toast in his bed of straw, and Pat, standing on one leg, was perched above his head. Sammy was holding on to the string and Pat seemed to know that he must be on his good behavior.

'Well, well, well,' Mr. Harding said as he looked in the door. 'If here isn't Little Boy Blue. Come,

A Turkey Puzzle.

The children of the Brightman family had a family of their own—of paper dolls. On Thanksgiving Day the dolls, of course, must have a turkey dinner. After some search a number of small turkey pictures were found in a poultry catalogue. But it would be so much nicer to have one big turkey! After some thought, Tom, the eldest, fitted the little turkeys together so that they formed the outline of one large turkey. Can any bright little boy or girl do so with the above? —'Ram's Horn.'

come, sir. It's almost time for Thanksgiving dinner.'

It was a happy Thanksgiving Day for every one and all declared that chicken was just as good as turkey.

Sammy is a big boy now and Pat is an old gray headed turkey, but if they live to be a hundred they will hear the tale of how Patsy's life was saved.

The Happiest Boy.

'Mamma,' said little Thomas, the night before Thanksgiving, 'is Pastor Lovegood coming to-morrow to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us?' 'Yes, dear, and we have invited him to bring Florence and Eddie also.' 'Oh, that will be fine!' exclaimed Thomas, and clapped his hands for joy. Suddenly, however, he grew thoughtful, and coming quietly up to his mother, gently put his arm around her neck, and pleadingly asked: 'Couldn't Elmer B— come too? His father is dead, and his poor mother has no money to buy a Thankgsgiving dinner.'

'How would it do to send them a dinner?' 'O mother dear, that would be grand, you are so kind! May I take it over?' he eagerly asked.

It did not take long to fill a basket with good things, and Meta, the servant, was glad to assist Thomas in carrying it over to Elmer's home.

Tears streamed down the widow's cheeks as Meta heaped the good things on her table, and 'God bless you!' was all she could say.

After the Thanksgiving service the next day, in church, Pastor Lovegood, his wife and the two children, came to visit the parents of Thomas.

They had a splendid dinner of turkey and all sorts of good things.

After the dinner the children all went out into the garden to play and had a fine time, but the happiest among them was Thomas. You all know why.

Being Brownies.

(Concluded.)

Two young ducks, with down not yet grown into bright-hued feathers, were paddling in the brook near by, and when the children called, 'Pee wee, pee,' one of them left the water, and, waddling out into the sand, stood stretching its neck and quacking as if trying to answer them.

'I'll get it something to eat,' said Duff, and leaning over the tree, so as to reach the basket of goodies on the other side, he put his hand under the white cloth for the morsel.

But the next moment he scrambled back, crying that there was something dreadful in the basket, a snake or a panther, or it might be a young wolf. The two little boys began to scream, and the girls, each with a baby in her lap, jumped off the log, and Marian was starting to run when Cassie stopped her, saying, 'Stay with the children, Marian, until I get the basket.' The elder sister wished to leave it, but Cassie said she wanted to see what was in it, but putting Dolly into Duff's arms, climbed over the log to find out. Now what do you think she found? Only a little brown yellow ground squirrel. It had crawled into the basket in search of food, and its foot had become fastened so that it could not get away. The children all gathered round Cassie to see it.

'We'll not say anything about our scare,' said Duff; 'it would spoil the brownie day.'

'But we can tell about the pretty ground squirrel you found,' said Cassie.

'All right,' replied Duff, who was afraid of being laughed at, 'but nobody must say anything about what we thought it was.'

But when they reached home everybody was so grateful to the brownies for what they had done that Duff forgot his fears of being teased and told the whole story himself.—'The Sunbeam.'

Mother's Kisses.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my finger,
A kiss when I hurt my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins,
My mother is full of kisses
As nurse is full of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pulled her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day I fell from the chair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mother's kisses
For her own little baby boy.

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LESSON V.—OCTOBER 29, 1905.

Power Through the Spirit.

Zech. iv, 1-10.

Golden Text.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.—Zach. iv, 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 23.—Zech. iv., 1-14.
Tuesday, October 24.—Zech. i, 1-11.
Wednesday, October 25.—Zech. i, 12-21.
Thursday, October 26.—Zech. ii, 1-13.
Friday, October 27.—Zech. iii, 1-10.
Saturday, October 28.—Zech. vii, 1-14.
Sunday, October 29.—Zech. viii, 1-15.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

In the Middle Ages the Arch of Titus was called the Arch of the Golden Candlestick. No Jew ever passed under that imperial trophy lest his eye should fall upon that basrelief, which so faithfully pictured the articles of temple furniture carried by heathen hands in triumphal procession.

Next to the ark the candlestick was the most costly, beautiful, and significant object in the temple. It was six feet tall, all of gold, symmetrical in proportion, and its estimated value very great. Imagine this singularly graceful ornament, with the mystic veil for a background and its seven tapers all aflame. It was to look at a goodly sight like this that the angel aroused the prophet, who was stupefied by the splendid visions which had preceded it.

The next day Zechariah cried, 'I have seen the golden candlestick restored, set up in its place, and all aflame!' What could that mean but that the work of rebuilding the temple, in spite of all hindrances, should untimately succeed? We only light a lamp indoors; never in the open. The temple was therefore the logical inference from the candlestick.

The first incidental lesson of the vision is found in the injunction against despising the day of small things. That insignificant remnant amid the blackened walls of Zion was the most important company in the world; the work they were engaged in was the most important work of that age. The next lesson was that of trust. There was a mountain of difficulty in the way. Yes! But before their appointed leader that mountain would become a plain. Again they were vividly reminded of God's omniscience. Those seven eyes (that perfect vision of God) run to and fro through the whole earth. God sees the plummet-line in Zerubbabel's hand. Omniscience is pledge of security and success. Thus God mercifully illuminated the darkest night of His people's history with the golden candlestick, which, like the bush in Horeb, burned without consuming.

The vision bears a spiritual significance upon its face. The Church is the candlestick set forth in the moral darkness of the world. Above the candlestick of the vision was a reservoir; from the reservoir there were seven pipes to each lamp—seven, the number of perfection, indicating the abundant supply. On either side of the candlestick stood an olive tree that poured its oil into the reservoir. The trees represent the kingship and priesthood of Jesus, who supplies the reservoir with the Holy Spirit. It is not the lamp that burns. The lamp is only the vehicle of the oil. It is not the Church that illuminates, but the Holy Spirit through the Church. The Church is all gold. It is very precious, purchased with a great price. The Church has many branches, but it is one candlestick.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

I. The vision of the candlestick.
The appearance of the candlestick described.
II. Significance of the vision.
(1) Completion of the temple inferred from the appearance of the candlestick.
(a) Incidental lessons.
(a) Against despising the day of small things.
(b) Trust; mountain—plain.
(c) Omniscience; seven eyes.
III. Spiritual significance.
The Church the Lord's candlestick today.
Its value. Its unity.
Its reservoir.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

It is significantly said in the Book of Ezra that the Hebrews of that period 'prospered through the prophesying.' The prophets were not pitted against each other as preachers of to-day popularly are. They were not competing with each other as public entertainers.

They were men of like passions, like temptations, suffered like seasons of depression with their fellows. They worked out a deliverance for themselves in meditation and communion with the Divine, which they afterwards made public property in their discourses.

This is pre-eminently true of Zechariah. There was nothing mechanical in his visions. They did not pass before him on creaking rollers like the painted canvas of a panorama. They were kindled subjectively as the prophet thought and felt and grieved.

The visions first blessed the prophet and then made him a blessing as he related them.

Power does not inhere in things or conditions. Power is in men. God is still incarnate. Discovering the Divine within, evolving it, utilizing it, applying it—that is how the world is to be renovated.

It is only in an accommodated sense that the processes of human evolution and betterment can be said to be finished. There is a cap-stone to be put on, which the people salute with joy, but it is only one of many. Taller structures of personal and civic righteousness are ever rising and calling for new cap-stones. It is surprising what a number of proverbs have Scriptural origin. More of those pithy sentences, which influence human character and conduct can be traced to the Bible than to any other source. Zechariah abounds in them.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 29.—Topic—The foreign mission work of our denomination. Dan. xi, 31-45.

THE FOREIGN MISSION WORK OF OUR DENOMINATION.

Daniel's composite Colossus as certainly erects itself in our day as in his. His vision was not exhausted by the specific events to which it referred. It has an evolution which parallels human history in each age. Great civilizations, containing, though they do, elements of intrinsic value, yet if they rest upon principles that are not suitable and humane, must be overthrown. Christianity is still the small stone, which, hurled at the clay feet of the towering image, brings it to the dust. Entirely aside from religion, on humanitarian grounds alone, if need be, the cause of foreign missions could find justification.

Junior C. E. Topic.

STORY OF GIDEON.

Monday, Oct. 23.—Israelites in trouble again. Judg. vi., 1-6.

Tuesday, Oct. 24.—God sends a helper. Judg. vi., 7-16.

Wednesday, Oct. 25.—God's altar and Baal's altar. Judg vi, 17-32.

Thursday, October 26.—Gideon's sign. Judg. vi, 33-40.

Friday, October 27.—Gideon's army. Judg. vii, 1-8.

Saturday, October 28.—Gideon's victory. Judg. vii, 9-23.

Sunday, October 29.—Topic—What Gideon did for his country. Judg. vi, 11-16; viii, 22-23.

'As Lights in the World.'

A shining Christian! Can I be
A light for Him who died for me?
In darkness dense a strong searchlight
Before which flee the shades of night?
Oh, that I might
Be such a light!

Can I a blessed lighthouse be,
Whose beacon shines across the sea
Upon the shipwrecked mariner
On breakers wild and sandy bar
And from the wave
Rescue the brave?

Can I be like a stray sunbeam,
Whose warm, reviving, golden gleam
Creeps into hearts dying with pain,
And brings them into life again?
Can I so shine,
Like One Divine?

Yes, yes, 'tis true. It is His will
That, 'like a city on a hill,'
Towers and turrets all alight,
I guide the homeless soul aright.
Then may my light
Be always bright.

—Susan M. Griffith.

What are You Thankful For?

A very good plan for interesting the Sunday school in Thanksgiving is that of distributing to all members above the primary age copies of printed cards about the size of a postal, on which is printed the question: 'What are you thankful for?' The superintendent should request that every scholar answer the question in writing on the card, and that it be as brief as possible. The cards are to be returned to the superintendent on the following Sunday, and some of the most characteristic replies read before the school. A Virginia Sunday school did this with good results, and many impressive messages came from young and old. —'S.S. Messenger.'

Looking After Absent Pupils

The short interval between Sunday school and 'church' services is a good time to look up absent scholars. A busy teacher adopted the sensible plan of waiting in the vestibule to see if parents or members of the family will attend church, and from them she learns the cause of the absence. By careful, persistent effort she has trained the little ones to report to her if they must be absent at any time, so she is reasonably certain that sickness or some sudden emergency is responsible if a child is missing and no notice has been sent. Often in five minutes she has checked every name on her list, and perhaps sent papers and cards to the little ones who are sick.

Two classes of absent scholars should always be visited without delay. These are the sick and the wilfully absent. It is easy to go with a picture, a flower, or bit of fruit, and say a few cheering words to the little invalid; but the boys and girls who 'don't care' are not so easily managed. There are always girls who feel that the better dressed scholars laugh at their clothes, and boys who tell doleful tales of how the others 'pick on them,' and children with every sort of reason for staying away, as well as no reason at all. Very often the weary teacher is tempted to cross the names off her book and let them go, but, to her credit be it said, she seldom does.

With patience and kind words these small black sheep may be coaxed into the fold, and it is the exceptional teacher who neglects them. Wherever complaint is made, it should be thoroughly investigated, and the little sinners promptly reported to their parents. If a well-dressed girl makes fun of a poor child's clothes, she should be made to feel that she is doing positive harm, and the matter reported at once.

As the old hymn says, it is hard not to 'sometimes lose heart' in the Christian warfare, but you cannot teach the children unless they come to the Sunday school, and they will not come unless effort is made to draw them. So spread every available net for the absent ones, and it may be possible that by your persistent efforts they will become as regular as the proverbial clock.—Hilda Richmond, in 'Sunday School Times.'

Which?

I passed to-night in the uptown row
A first-class saloon with its trappings and show;
Pictures and hangings in the gaslight aglow—
A most fashionable place in the uptown row.

And I thought as I gazed, good neighbor mine,
Ah! which shall it be, my son, or thine,
To be lured by the music and poisoned with wine?
Canst answer me not, good neighbor mine?

We voted for license, you and I,
But to-night, I feel troubled, I can't say why.
As I thought on the boys I breathed a deep sigh—
But we voted for license, you and I.

Which shall it be in the years to come,
Shall be ragged and wretched and ruined with rum.
Body diseased and brain power numb
Oh, which shall it be in the years to come?

You smile and say, 'Neither.' O neighbor, so kind,
''Tis the reckless young fellow of unstable mind,
With no kind of home training, in there that you'll find.'
Yes, and I'm glad you say 'Neither,' oh neighbor, so kind.

And yet, I am thinking, he's somebody's son,
Some mother'll be wretched before it is done
By the course this same reckless young fellow's begun.
Yes, neighbor, I tell you, he's somebody's son.

To-night I'm so bothered I can't settle it so;
Do just what I will, I feel we don't know
Which one of our boys will be snared by the show
Of that elegant place in the uptown row.

Neighbor, I say, you can't settle it so.
Talk as you please, you must feel you don't know
Which boys in this town the down path may go.
It seems most a pity we didn't say 'No.'

—Bessie O. Cushing in 'National Advocate.'

Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times.')

Man'el Hodge—he was christened Emmanuel—was now forty years of age, and began to think that it was time to get settled in life, which meant that to his other worldly possessions he should add a wife. It took him at least a year to come to any well-defined opinion on the subject.

It was Tamson Gundry who first suggested it, and she had half-a-dozen marriagable daughters of her own at home.

Man'el was coming slowly along the field-path near to his house when Mrs. Gundry overtook him.

'Good mornin', Mrs. Gundry,' said Man'el, turning towards her.

'Which way are you a-going, then?' she asked, thinking she would walk that way too.

'I ben't going nowhere,' replied Man'el.

'But you must be going somewhere, Man'el,' laughed Mrs. Gundry, who was a quick-witted woman, as all the parish knew.

'No,' said Man'el, in his slow and melancholy way, 'I'm comin' back from where I been to.'

There was a pause. Then Mrs. Gundry began again:

'Man'el, you got a tidy little place of it here.'

'Iss, Mrs. Gundry; might be worse to be sure.'

'A good house and pretty garden.'

'Well, if you do come to think about it, I suppose it is.' And Man'el looked as if it had never occurred to him before.

'And your own and all—no rent nor nothing.'

'Iss, 'tis my own, I believe.' Man'el never seemed to be quite sure of anything.

'And these here three meadows—you'm quite a landowner.'

'Well, iss, I s'pose, so far as it goes—might be more of it, though,' said Man'el, scratching his head.

'And so good a flock of sheep as anybody could wish for to see.'

'Well, iss—but there might be more of they, too, and no harm done.'

There was another pause. Then Mrs. Gundry turned from leaning on the gate and looked him full in the face.

'And you're a tidy man, Man'el, when you mind to—Sunday and berrin's and fair days—when you're dressed up.'

'Well, iss, I s'pose there's better and I s'pose there's worse,' and a ghost of a smile flickered about his lips.

'Well, Man'el, I tell 'ee, there's one thing you do want for to set 'ee up.'

'What's that, then, Mrs. Gundry?'

'Why, a wife.'

'To be sure!' said Man'el, and he scratched his head again. It helped him to collect his wits. 'But I never thought about it—dear, dear—a wife!'

'Well, good mornin, Man'el.'

'Good morning, Mrs. Gundry.'

Mrs. Gundry had gone some fifty yards when she turned and called back, 'You think about it, Man'el.'

'Iss, I will; good morning.'

One has seen beside the shore of a lake a birch tree bending down to find itself reflected in the still waters below, yet rooted in the cleft of a rock where seemed no soil, no nourishment, no possibility of life. Such was the unpromising ground into which Tamson Gundry's suggestion had fallen, yet there, too, had come the unfolding of the seed and its growth, until Man'el could see but one thing whichever way he looked. All that he had was undone for want of a wife. House and land and flock of sheep and Sunday attire seemed less than nothing without a wife.

But it was one thing to come to the starting point of a great decision and quite another to begin to act upon it.

'Take a wife!' mused Man'el. ''Tis aggravatin' talk, terrible aggravatin'—like as if they grow'd upon the hedge like blackberries to be had for the pickin'! 'Tis the terriblest job I ever come for to think about.' And Man'el perspired at the thought of so tremendous an undertaking.

Then it was that he turned in his perplexity to old Zacchy Tregeare, a man of experience in these things, whose three wives lay amicably together in the same grave, their names duly inscribed on the same tombstone. And Zacchy had observed with some satisfaction that there was room on the stone for yet another name in addition to his own; not seriously observed it, but it had occurred to him while standing at a neighbor's funeral.

It was one evening when the day's work was done that the pupil made his way to the professor.

'Zacchy,' began Man'el, 'I've a-come for to see 'ee.'

'Glad to see 'ee, Man'el,' puffed Zacchy, as he lit his pipe; 'sit down, will 'ee?'

''Tis serious, Zacchy,' said Man'el, poking his stick into the turf on the hearth.

'To be sure, grunted Zacchy, seating himself in the chair and leaning back in the attitude of a lawyer for whose opinion a client waits.

''Tis about a woman.'

'Aw—who is it, then?' And Zacchy put his head on one side and half closed his eyes.

'You see, you've a-had experience.'

'Buried three of 'em,' grunted Zacchy.

'However did 'ee manage it?' said Man'el, lifting his eyes to the master whose art he so admired.

'Manage it! Well, it don't want no managing when they're dead, poor dears.'

'No, no—I mean to the beginning.'

'Aw—to the beginning. Well, you've a-got to marry 'em first of all—one to a time, of course.'

'Iss, of course; but before marryin'?'

'Why, you've got for to court 'em.'

'That's terrible hard work, I s'pose,' sighed Man'el.

'Not if you do understand it.'

'But if you don't?'

'Well, then, you can't, I s'pose; 'tis a thing that do want understanding, to be sure,'

'Could 'ee teach anybody, Zacchy, seeing you've a-had so much experience?'

'Well, maybe I might try, Man'el; iss, I might try.'

'De 'ee, then.' And Man'el poked his stick into the turf again.

Then Zacchy sat up and leaned on the arms of the chair as if ready for business.

'Have 'ee got anybody in your mind?'

'No, not particular,' said Man'el.

'Dear, dear,' puffed Zacchy; 'you'm a terrible long way off yet.'

'Women folks be like a passle o' sheep to me,' said Man'el. 'I can't never tell one from another.'

'To be sure! Well, well'—Zacchy's tone was one of amusement, 'why, there never was any two of 'em alike if you only got the understandin'—no two of 'em alike.' And Zacchy's thoughts wandered over the years of his experience.

'There's Tamson Gundry's daughters—they might be one, iss, the whole lot of 'em might be one and the same maid for all I can see,' and Man'el sighed. 'If I spoke to one this evening I should not know which one of 'em it was to-morrow.'

'Aw, dear,' said Zacchy, while a smile circled his lips but did not betray itself in his tone, 'that would be a terrible job to go courtin' six maids to once and thinkin' all the time it was only one.'

'Terrible,' groaned Man'el, proddin the turf more vigorously.

'Well, there's a cure for that, I reckon, said Zacchy, drawing the stem of his churchwarden from his mouth and puffing a cloud of smoke.

'Do 'ee think so, Zacchy?'

'The moral of it, so to speak, is this here—go where there is only one—and then you can't mistake.

'Iss,' said Man'el, as if that did not avail him much unless the one could be found.

'Can't 'ee think of one all by herself, Man'el, just one for to begin with? Come now, do 'ee try.'

'They'm all alike to me,' sighed Man'el, ''zactly alike.'

Here was a deadlock and the lesson seemed ended, when Man'el began again.

'I've set my heart 'pon it, Zacchy; can't 'ee think of nothing?'

''Tis melancholy,' said Zacchy, thinking how easily he could have managed it.

'Iss, and a comfortable little place of my own and all,' said Man'el; 'you would think there might be one woman somewhere, wouldn't 'ee?'

(To be continued.)

A Great Surgeon's Motto.

Dr. Lorenz is pre-eminent among the surgeons of Europe. It is of interest, therefore, to note that on the occasion of his second visit to America during the past year, where his remarkable operations have attracted much attention, he emphatically declares the danger of alcoholic drinks. A banquet was given in his honor in New York City, and wine was served. The eminent guest declined it, and politely requested the waiter to bring him a cup of tea. This caused him to be asked if he were a total abstainer from the use of wines and other liquors. His answer was as follows:—'I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers which I must keep always on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink.'

Rome Objects to Barmaids.

Because barmaids have been introduced into several hotels in Rome complaints are made that the city is being modernized and Anglicized. The barmaid, says an Italian paper, is the advance agent of the Prince of Darkness.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

OUR THANKSGIVING LETTER.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Thanksgiving day is here again, and with it a very good time for most of you no doubt. You have been looking forward to this holiday, and perhaps counting the days till you could see your grandparents or cousins and have a happy time together.

This holiday is to celebrate God's kindness in giving us good harvests. The Jews used to keep a feast after their ingathering of the crops,—you will find about it in Deut xvi, 13-17. It was called the Feast of Tabernacles. In the seventeenth verse you will see that each man was to bring a gift according to what he could afford. Are you taking something to a poor neighbor or making the day bright for some sick child or giving something extra at church to show thankfulness, and help others to see God's goodness? For it is written, 'Send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared.'

Now, while we are giving thanks for the good things God has given us, let us be glad over our part in his work of giving. We have gathered enough money to pay for two cots in the new hospital in Labrador. We have money enough to buy the high iron beds with, their spring and hair mattresses, and the eight blankets, six sheets, and six pillow-slips, and red and white counterpane for each cot. Then we have ready besides the hundred dollars which will make it possible for Dr. Grenfell for a whole year to feed and nurse and care for the boys and girls and their mothers and fathers who need to use these cots. Just think what it will mean to them. How their poor, aching bodies will enjoy the softness and warmth and the feel of the clean comfortable bed. We can hardly realize it, we who even when we are well and strong climb every night into comfortable beds, in warm homes. These cots, with God's help, will mean a gift of not merely comfort, but life to many, and we may look forward with joy to the time when thanksgiving to God will go up from them for renewed health and strength and courage.

Dr. Grenfell writes thanking all of us for our help and love, and tells us he has chosen the site for the hospital at Harrington (look it up on the map), and a good missionary doctor has accepted the position of medical missionary there, and will take patients into his own house until the hospital is ready. As you know, the $5,000 for building it has been given, and the delay in building is caused by Dr. Grenfell not yet having the necessary money for the running expenses, the food and fuel and medicine and salaries for nurse and doctor. We are glad to be doing our share, and others will help when they hear of our two 'Northern Messenger' Cots. In the meantime, let us not forget the General Fund when we are planning our Thank-offerings for the year.

Your loving friend,

THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

F., Assa.

Dear Editor,—I have not written a letter to the 'Messenger' for about a year, and as we moved from Ontario to Assa. since then, I thought I would write. We left Ontario on the 21st of March, and landed here on the 27th, but we had to stay in Regina from Friday until Monday, and us only 40 miles from home. This country may be all right for making money and all that, but Ontario is good enough for me. I saw a letter from Carrie E. M., from Lindsay, and I think my Auntie and Uncle are missionaries in the same place as her Uncle is living. Their names are Mr. and Mrs. J. I have an Uncle and Auntie living in Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. F. My Auntie and Uncle were home about two years ago.

GERTRUDE THOMPSON.

B. Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl of twelve years of age. I do not go to school. But I read all I can at all. I think little 'Chatterbox's' letters are very interesting. There is a book called that, and it is a very nice book. I cannot tell which story book I like best. I go to Sabbath school when it is fine, and like my teacher well. Our minister is going away in October, and we are very sorry. I have eight aunts and eight uncles, and one grandfather and one grandmother living, and a lot of cousins. We have four horses and seventeen cows, and three calves and twenty-eight sheep.

MARY J. BRODIE.

H., C.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' My first letter was printed, so I thought I would write another. We are taking the 'Messenger' yet, and could not do without it. We have been taking it over thirty years. I go to school every day, and am in the eighth grade. I have just got over the measles and I am going over to Glace Bay next week to stay with my sister for two weeks. I have read quite a number of books, the names of some are 'Oliver Twist,' 'Wide, Wide World,' 'Beulah,' 'Daisy Brook,' 'Meadow Brook, nine 'Elsie' books, and quite a number of others.

ALICE HOLMES.

W.T., Ont.

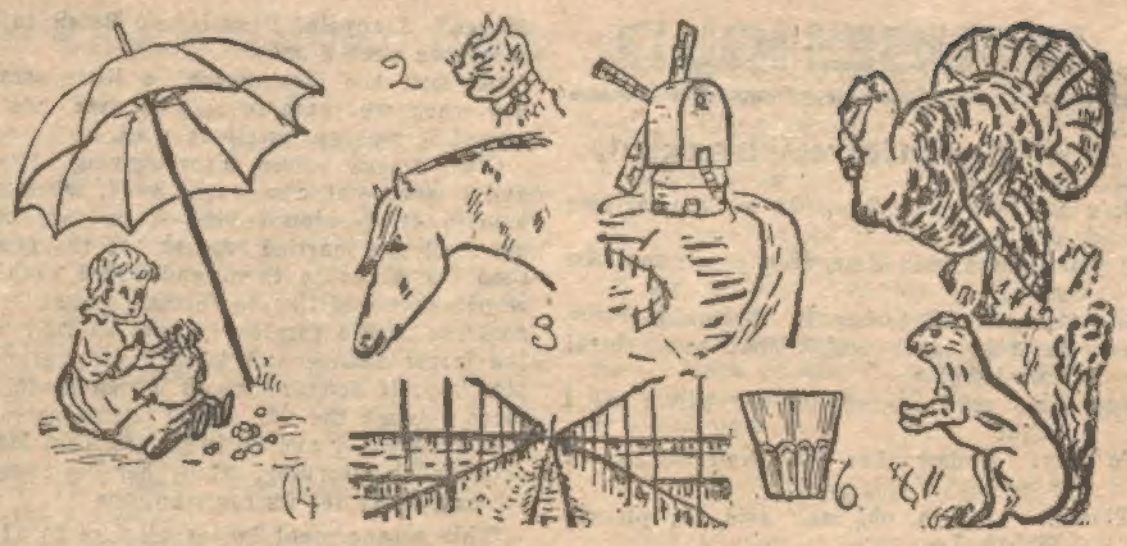
Dear Editor,—We live on a farm of 160 acres, which is mostly in garden. We grow strawberries, raspberries, potatoes, peanuts, and broom-corn, and all kinds of vegetables. We need about 50 pickers a day in the berry season; it lasts about two months. We have our summer vacation then. We keep six horses and two cows. My sister and I are very fond of riding horses, also of floating on the St. Lawrence, by which we live. We have very hard winters here.

LENA P.

Ste. A. de P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother wrote to the 'Messenger,' and he did not tell us he wrote till we saw his letter in the paper. I want to surprise him now. There was a mistake in his letter of two brothers, when it should be five, for we are six boys and two girls. I have twin brothers. They will be five years old next June. I have eleven uncles and nine aunts, and two grandfathers and one grandmother living, my other grandmother died two years ago. I have twenty-seven first cousins. We have three miles to go to school. We have a nice little pony, and we drive to school ourselves, and we leave our pony near the school with a kind gentleman who gives us the use of his stable. We have a nice teacher; her name is Miss W. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday school. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss F. I get the 'Messenger' in my own name, and we all enjoy reading it. My father is a farmer. We have seven horses, and twenty head of cattle, and some sheep and pigs. I will be eleven years on April 24.

D. EDWARD McRAE.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Addie's Adventure.' Marjorie C. C. Armour (12), A. M., Ont.
2. 'Puss.' Violet Smith, M., Que.
3. 'Pony.' William Wismet (11), B., Ont.
4. 'Railroad.' John M. Kenyon (9), B., Ont.
5. 'The Old Windmill.' Merwyn L. Dobbins (12). H., Ont.
6. 'Tumbler.' Eliza Metcalf, M., N.S.
7. 'Turkey.' Philip Krieger (11), B., Ont.
8. 'Curly Tail.' Leon Clemens. (12) B., Ont.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Mrs. E. J. Trout, Wiarton, $5.00; Fairy Hill S. S., Fairy Rill, $1.25; Gracie Edmunds, Jasper, Ont., 25c.; Geo. A. J. McDougall, Fairy Hill, Sask., 10c.; total, $6.60.

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

OCTOBER.

In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. I. Thes. v, 18.

3.
Willie J. E.

5.
Winifred S. Irene.

9.
Edna Bowen, Flora Anderson.

10.
Annie Cameron.

12.
Winifred Martin.

13.
Douglas H. A. (12). Emily A. B.

14.
Ethel Close.

15.
Willie Walker.

19.
Irva Goss, Clarence Stevenson, Verna F. Thomson.

20.
John Pangras, Mabel M. Rogers.

21.
Clara Amelia Hunter (12). Sadie B. Roop (8).

27.
Minnie Morris.

30.
Estella S. Giles (11).

To-day.

We cannot change yesterday—that is clear,
Or begin on to-morrow until it is here;
So all that is left for you and for me
Is to make to-day as sweet as can be.
—'Youth's Companion.'

I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better.—Wycherley.

What are we Building?

Life is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, adds something to the invisible building.—J. R. Miller.

HOUSEHOLD.

Making Others Thankful.

Said old gentleman Gay, 'On a Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away';
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, 'What a big bird! How nice!
And since such a good dinner's before me I ought
To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought.'
'This fine chicken, oh, see!' said the pleased Widow Lee,
'And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make some one as happy as I—
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie.'
'And, oh, sure!' Biddy said, ''tis the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.
Now, it's my turn, I think, and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake.'
'It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor, little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice.'
'Oh, I thank you, and thank you!' said little lame Jake;
'Oh, what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And, oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give them to each little sparrow that comes.'
And the sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,
Like old gentleman Gay, 'On a Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away.'

—'Little Men and Women.'

Planning a Thanksgiving Dinner.

(Gussie Dunton, in the 'North-western Christian Advocate.')

'Oh, dear! I am so tired,' said Mrs. Rowe, as she seated herself on Mrs. Forbs's shady back porch, where she was preparing some vegetables for dinner. 'It seems as if I never would get rested from that Fourth of July dinner. One hasn't the least idea how much work there is involved.'

'Well, I have,' interrupted Mrs. Forbs. 'I know all about it. You thought it would be so nice to invite all of John's people and have them see your pretty home and nice dishes and taste some of your excellent salads. And then, of course, you felt under obligations to them for they had all invited you—and you wanted everything spick and span. So you polished silver, washed doilies, scrubbed and cooked and baked and fumed, until, when you finally got your company seated at the table you scarcely knew whether your head was on or off, and all the praise of your nice dinner didn't take the pain out of your back.'

'Well,' laughed Mrs. Rowe, 'I shall have to admit that is a pretty correct diagnosis of the case. But what puzzles me is, how did our grandmothers manage their big dinners.'

'I don't know, but I will tell you how we manage our Thanksgiving dinner. You see, we, like everyone else, had strayed so far from the primal idea of Thanksgiving that our menus had grown so elaborate that the only feeling of thankfulness the housewife had was that the toil and turmoil were over for another twelvemonth.

'It was getting so difficult to get anyone in our family to have the dinner, when Uncle Delos hit upon a plan, and it was this: that he and Aunt Mary—well, I put it in his own words—Said he: 'We want you all to come to our home every Thanksgiving. There is plenty of room and a hearty welcome for you all, but Aunt Mary ain't so chipper to work as she once was, "so you'll have to bring your dinner." I appoint Francis and Bessie to look after the next dinner.'

'At first the idea seemed a little strange, but when we came to talk it over we all agreed it was an excellent plan.

'Two weeks before Thanksgiving Francis and I wrote out a menu—a good, wholesome, hearty, old-fashioned kind—then we called upon all the married women of the family, read our menu to them and asked each one what she would like to furnish. Aunt Jennie said she would furnish turkey, as they were the larger family and kept a girl; grandma pies, myself doughnuts and brown bread, and so on through the list. Each one prepares her part Wednesday and all is sent to Aunt Mary's early in the morning, where her big range is hot and ready for its contributions.

'This arrangement leaves all free to attend the Thanksgiving service except the committee, who go with the food and attend to the dinner and setting of the table. The table, by the way, is made of long boards laid on three sawhorses, so it can easily be removed to the attic for another year.

'This plan leaves Aunt Mary free to entertain her guests, we have a long afternoon to visit, play games or enjoy the programme that the boys and girls home from college provide for their share of the dinner.

'We all go home happy, as each has helped to share the burden and expense, each has helped to entertain and been entertained, and, best of all, we have more to put on the contribution plate when it is passed at the morning service because the expense of our own dinner is so light.

Cooking and Serving Our Thanksgiving Dinner.

(Elizabeth W. Morrison, in the 'Household-Ledger.')

It has been said that 'one swallow doesn't make summer,' but one turkey certainly would make a Thanksgiving all by itself if correctly dressed for the serving.

Never buy a turkey weighing less than ten pounds, as below this weight you get bones instead of flesh, and a good chicken or duck is much more satisfactory. A turkey weighing anything over eight pounds does not have any larger frame than one at that figure. But it commences to lay on flesh, and this is what counts.

See that the legs are black and smooth, not grayish, with heavy scales. The skin should be white and easily broken.

After a turkey is trussed well all over, dust with pepper, salt, and cover with a thick coat of flour. This will give a crisp skin. After placing fowl in 'dripping' pan, fill as full as possible with boiling water, place the giblets, liver, heart, gizzard in, and commence to cook. This is the manner in which our ancestors roasted their Thanksgiving bird, and I can guarantee that it is beyond improvement. At the end of allowed time, this liquid should have been absorbed by the fowl, leaving a rich brown sediment in the pan to form the basis of the gravy. The giblets should be minced fine and added to the latter.

A delicious dressing is made of the inside crumb of two 10 cent loaves of bread a day old. Crumble fine; add to this one cup of butter melted, one tablespoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls pepper (one of black and one of paprika), one medium onion, bunch celery, twelve stalks parsley, if fresh, or one tablespoonful of dried, all minced very fine, and two eggs. Whip together, fill your bird and sew up the vents.

Place the fowl breast downward in the pan, as this allows the juices to run into the white flesh, making this usually dry meat juicy and delicious. Turn the turkey breast up about one hour before removing from oven so as to brown it.

In roasting allow fifteen minutes to each pound for young fowls; older ones require at least twenty minutes. Cook slowly until half an hour before it is done, then start up the fire briskly to brown and crisp the skin. Baste with juices in pan every ten minutes, as herein lies the secret of a juicy well-flavored turkey.

Garnish the roasted turkey with stuffed onions, fried oysters or stuffed olives.

A boiled ham offsets the turkey on some Thanksgiving tables, and where a large family is gathered around the festive board it will be easily disposed of. For this occasion it should be baked. Cut off all blackened parts, place in kettle of cold water and boil fifteen minutes, drain off water and add clear, cold water. Then set where it will boil slowly for two hours; remove from kettle, take off part of the rind, leaving a little on the small end, and cut into points. Cover the upper side with a thick flour-and-water dough; set in pan half filled with water, and bake until tender. Remove from pan; take off crust; spread with fine cracker crumbs mixed with a little brown sugar; set in hot oven to brown, and garnish with frill on small end, cloves and parsley.

For this festal day the cranberry jelly may be molded in a shallow cake tin, and when firm cut into cubes. The effect is tempting.

Try mashed sweet potatoes for a change. Boil, then pare, mash very smoothly, adding sweet cream, butter and salt. Of course, the white potato must also be served, and these could also be mashed. The two kinds mashed side by side and formed by a tablespoon into egg shape as they are dipped from the dish, present an appetising effect.

Relishes should form one of the attractions in the shape of crisp celery, tiny sour pickles and olives. Salted peanuts (the red skin removed before salting) and almonds are always appreciated; but the latest is pecan meats salted. Do not blanch the latter, but toss them in a little olive oil, then sprinkle with salt and brown in a moderate oven.

Ices and creams can form one of the desserts, but, as a rule, the family are willing to dispense with this if pumpkin pie and Indian meal pudding are forthcoming.

An old recipe for pumpkin pie, guaranteed, is here appended: For one large pie allow one coffee cupful stewed pumpkin, which has been slightly scorched in stewing; three eggs, one pint milk, one teaspoonful pulverized cinnamon, one-half cupful Porto Rico molasses, one quarter-cup sugar, one generous pinch salt. Mix all together, adding milk last. Fill pastry lined dish and bake in moderate oven until a knife thrust in the centre comes out clean.

For the pudding this recipe will be found deliciously toothsome: Mix together one cupful each of molasses and yellow cornmeal; pour over one quart of boiling milk; add one-half cupful butter, one level teaspoonful each of salt, cinnamon and ginger; let batter become quite cold; then turn into a buttered dish, pour over the top one pint of cold milk and set in the oven. Do not stir the milk into the pudding. Bake slowly three hours. When ready to serve place spoonfuls of whipped cream, dusted with grated maple sugar, on top. If a silver pudding dish is in your possession, place the dish inside, otherwise wrap a neatly folded napkin about it and fasten with a pin.

An appropriate centerpiece is of fruit. Polish the apples, dust peaches, and wipe bananas, oranges and lemons with damp cloth. Dip grapes in cold water and drain thoroughly. Set all where they will be chilled.

A bit of parsley, the foliage of celery or watercress laid at one side of any meat dish adds wonderfully to its appearance.

Training Children.

(Elizabeth S. Gilchrist, in the 'New England Homestead.')

The social club was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Doane, and the conversation turned to the training of children. After each one had given her theory on the subject, one of the ladies appealed to the hostess. 'Cannot you give us some points on the training of children?' she asked. 'Yours are known to be models of courtesy, studious and always ready to do their very best in whatever they undertake.'

'One of the most difficult of my tasks,' replied Mrs. Doane, 'was the studying out of some plan to make them attend to their lessons and their various duties. As soon as each had attained sufficient age, a certain task was allotted and this must be performed at an appointed time and in a precise manner, according to instructions. I found that in spite of all my admonitions they would rush through their tasks, and were given to scamping through their work in the most wretched fashion.

'Ordinarily punishment and the continued line upon line, and precept upon precept, ut-

terly failed of its purpose. One day an inspiration struck me, and I tried an experiment; I wrote upon a card this proclamation:

'"Be it known to the children of this family, that no pleasures are to be indulged in unless work is thoroughly done and at the proper time. Delinquents must not ask for privileges of any sort when work is unfinished or badly done.—Mamma."

'This was fastened to the dining-room door. I said nothing but went about my work as usual. One by one the youngsters studied out the order. Some of them shook their heads and looked wise; others laughed and then they looked troubled.

The next day, a drive to a neighboring pleasure resort was to be taken and it nearly broke my heart when, at the last moment, I was obliged to forbid two of the children dressing for the drive, because their work had been so grossly neglected. I would have been glad to stay at home with them, but felt that the order must be enforced and was certain that the lesson would not have to be repeated many times. Two pitiful little faces looked after me as we drove away, but I thought it only just to those who had done their duty to make the day as bright and delightful as possible. We had a glorious time, and got home to find one little curly head asleep on the sofa, with very evident tear-stains covering her face. The other had done her work over, and it was perfectly done, too. Those two required only one additional lesson. For the others the punishment was several times repeated.

'After a time it came to be understood among the children that conscientiously performed tasks, were rewarded by a correspondingly pleasant time in some way. I took pains to keep things in store for such rewards, and it was surprising what an effect it had on those little untrained minds. I never gave them money, toys, sweets or tangible rewards; this was too much like value received and hiring. But they had a good time, and I never failed to impress upon their minds that much of their pleasure arose from the consciousness of duty well performed.

'I do not approve of hiring children by the ordinary methods, it seems to have a bad, rather than a good, effect upon mine, at least, and I find the pleasure-in-store plan very much better, particularly as I can at the same time impress upon their minds that this will be the case all through life. This method I have followed for more than fifteen years, and I think I may confidently say, that whatever my children undertake to do is done well.'

Bring Up the Boy to be Good-Natured.

Said a mother once to an old family friend, 'What shall I bring up my boy to be?' The boy in question was in his cradle, and a lord chancellor's wig was perhaps among the least of the adornments that the mother pictured for the little flaxon head.

'Bring him up to be good-natured,' was the answer, and it fell chill on her ambitions. Yet what better promise of happiness for all around him than was implied in this advice?

Discipline, self-restraint, active helpfulness, are all included in it. Good nature is the home and homely aide to the biggest of philanthropists.—Exchange.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

The Lesson Grandma Hardy Taught.

(Hope Daring, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

Grandma Hardy's room was the most pleasant one in the house. There the children carried their bumped heads and wounded feelings to be healed by grandma's gentle ministrations. There Mrs. Hardy, junior—the daughter-in-law of the older woman—came to talk over the family cares and always went away strengthened and cheered. There old friends lingered and received a message which heartened them on life's thoroughfare. And there, one stormy winter twilight, John Hardy, grandma's only son, was taught a lesson.

As he entered he found his mother sitting before the open wood fire. There was no other light in the room, and the wavering glow of the flames fell fitfully over the woman's pale, wrinkled face. It also indistinctly showed the soft carpet, the walls hung with pictures and photographs, the comfortable chairs and couch, the blossoming plants, and the worn Bible on a little stand.

'No, mother, we do not need a light,' Mr. Hardy said, drawing a chair close to that of grandma. 'I want to talk to you about something which lies heavy on my heart—Raymond.'

'Raymond! Why, John, Raymond is a boy of whom a father may well be proud.'

'And yet he is not a Christian.'

Mrs. Hardy made no response. Silence fell between mother and son. Each seemed to see, in the dancing flames, a pair of frank brown eyes, the eyes of the high school boy who was ambitious, affectionate, honorable and truthful, but not a Christian.

'I have prayed long and earnestly for him,' Mr. Hardy spoke rapidly, almost impatiently. 'Mother, why does not God hear my prayers?'

'God always hears prayer.' Mrs. Hardy sat upright and hastily began folding the work in her lap. The work was a bed-quilt she was piecing of tiny squares of white and blue cotton, and was to be a gift to Lulu, her youngest grandchild. 'John, I want you to carry this quilt, which is half done, to the garret and pack it away.'

Mr. Hardy turned a perplexed face to his mother. 'I don't understand.'

'I believe I will try your plan, John. I will lay my work aside and ask my heavenly Father to finish it.'

'Mother, what do you mean?' There was real concern in his voice. Could it be the mind of his mother was failing? 'Surely you do not think of asking God to do a thing like that?'

'Why should I not ask him to do my work? You expect him to do yours.'

John Hardy rose to his feet. For a brief space of time he stood without speaking. The firelight showed grandma the convulsive working of the strong man's hands.

'Mother, what do you mean?'

'I mean, John, that God never does—cannot do—our work. You pray for your son's conversion. Why do you not work for it?'

He drew a long breath. 'Am I so faithless a parent, mother?'

Grandma reached forward and took her son's hand between her own. She stroked it gently as she said:

'You are a good father, John. Raymond's physical and mental wants are well supplied, you surround him with good influence, and teach him, both by precept and example, the value of honor. But, my son, does Raymond know that you want him to be a Christian?'

'He must know it. During the special services I asked our pastor to talk with him.'

'You did not talk to him yourself. Like many another man, John, your lips are sealed as far as a personal confession of what Christ is to you is concerned. Did you ever speak to Raymond of the joy of God's service? Did you ever tell your son that Christ is a daily source of strength and help to you?'

She paused as if for a reply. Mr. Hardy made a gesture of dissent, and his mother continued:

'John, God hears prayer. He answers, in his own time and way, sincere, heartfelt prayer. But such prayer includes doing everything in the power of the one offering it to bring about the result for which he prayed. You expect your church-going and your upright life to show Raymond the beauty of Christ's service. They are not enough. God needs your help in the work of your son's salvation. You must do your part in this matter, just as I must do mine in this,' touching the work in her lap, 'if you expect the desire of your heart to be realized.'

The years seemed to fall from John Hardy. Like a child he knelt at his mother's side.

'I see, mother. Ask God to help me to do my part in the work of my son's conversion.'

God needs our help—yours and mine—in his work. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

A Glass of Water.

Drink a glass of water when you get out of bed in the morning. Never mind the size of the glass. Let the water be cold if you will. Some people prescribe hot water, but that isn't necessary. You may have washed your face already and relished the experience. You may have taken a cold plunge into the tub and delighted in the shock and its reaction. The brisk use of the tooth-brush has left your mouth clean and the breath sweet. But you are dirty still. Drink a glass of cold water and enjoy the sensation of being clean inside. All that is luxurious in the cold bath cleansing the outside is artificial. That which should prompt the glass of water after sleeping is natural. As a test, tell the nine-year-old protestant against his morning scrub of cold water that he may escape it by drinking half a pint of the fluid. He will jump at the opportunity.

Sleep has drawn upon the water in the blood, and the instinct of the animal under natural conditions is to replenish the circulatory system and distend the blood vessels anew. The food in the stomach which had so much to do toward inducing sleep has disappeared, leaving a mucous substance in the alimentary canal. Yet man would wash his face and leave these half-clogged canals to do the duties of another day.

Drink a glass of cold water in the name of cleanliness. It becomes one of the shortest and easiest of toilet duties. It is swallowed in a second, and in five minutes it has passed from the stomach, taking with it the clogging secretions of the alimentary tracts. It has left behind the stimulus that goes with cold water, and by filling the arterial system to the normal it puts a spur to the circulation that has grown sluggish in the night. It is one of the greatest of awakeners and one of nature's own stimulants.

Drink a glass of water before breakfast, another before luncheon and another before dinner. Water is the best, cheapest and the pleasantest medicine.—Exchange.

Is it Practicable to Maintain Family Worship?

Is it possible to maintain family worship in the year of our Lord 1905? Perhaps we thought we could not do it last year, but if we know what others find possible we may 'find' or 'make' a way this year ourselves.

On a bright May morning I stepped inside the open door of a loved home. I was to leave the suburb early that morning, and had come before breakfast to say good-bye to the housemother, who was confined to her bed. It was not yet seven o'clock, but my first glance discovered the father, the two grandparents, the two boys and the maid on their knees, and I knelt, within hearing, but unheard and unobserved. The father prayed most earnestly for the mother, and for me and my fatherless children, about to start out for a new home. He was much surprised, on rising, to find me there, but not at all abashed. Often absent from home on business, when at home he led the family devotions at that hour in the dining-room, and breakfast was served immediately afterward. The prayers were short, but his boys will not outlive their influence.

A year later it was my privilege to be a guest with my three children in the summer home of the same family. The grandparents remained at home by preference and the father of necessity spent most of the week in Chicago, but every morning, following breakfast on the piazza, the two mothers and the five children gathered in the living room. The hostess read the reference for the day on the Sabbath-school lesson for the following Sun-

day, then the eldest boy read from the home and foreign missionary calendars the missionaries named for especial prayer, and then one mother or the other would offer a short prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer in unison.

In another summer home, where the father never participated in the expression of the devotional life, the mother, who entertained for her two boys many boys and girls, had the general order for the day posted in each bedroom. After 1, Breakfast, came 2, Prayers, where all read in concert a pslam, and then united in the Lord's Prayer.

A little daughter, now aged eleven, has been carrying out this plan of her father, who was called to the heavenly home two years ago. She had read, morning by morning, from the 'Bible for Children,' as selected and arranged by Dr. Francis Brown, of Union Seminary. Now her brother of eight years is able to alternate with her, each reading for a week, a paragraph or two at a time. After the scripture all join in a hymn, chosen by each member of the family in turn, and then the grandfather or the mother leads in a short prayer, to which the little daughter of four can say 'Amen.' These three children say they 'could not get along without prayers,' and do not see how other parents expect their children to be good without this help. They especially enjoy the hymn.

These instances prove that if this element of family life is rightly appreciated, it will be made a constituent part of the daily routine. The mother can do much by seeing that meals are prompt, children dressed in season, hymn books and Bibles at hand, and the atmosphere such as to make spiritual aspiration and inspiration possible. The helpers in the home should be invited to come. This may be the best missionary work some of us will ever do. Is it possible in your home this year? Not without trying; but try it and see!—'The Interior.'

Too Many Dont's.

It was one of my comfort-loving bachelor friends who told me once that one reason he did not marry was because there were too many don'ts' in the married life of most men. He was afraid he would develop into a real bear of a man if restricted in his freedom of will by the 'don'ts' imposed upon their husbands by too exacting wives.

I once spent a week with a friend of mine whose wife is 'a beautiful housekeeper,' but she has attained this degree of perfection just through such a series of don'ts that his orderly home is not a very restful or peaceful place to her husband. If it is raining when he comes home she meets him at the door with:

'Now, James, don't come in at the front door to-day; it's only a step or two to the rear door, and my front hall is so nice and clean you mustn't come into it all wet; and don't forget to clean your feet well at the back door, and please don't sit in any of the upholstered chairs if your clothes are damp.'

James is limited to certain chairs; if he sits down on others his wife flutters toward him with a reproachful 'don't' on her lips, and says:

'Don't sit on that fancy little chair, James, you'll be sure to break it, and I'm sure there are other chairs in which you can sit, and—oh, please don't lean back against the tidy of that chair, you'll muss it so; there is your chair over in the corner!'

James goes sulking into his chair. Perhaps he leaves it for the sofa a little later, and if he does he hears the pleading and peremptory voice of Mrs. James saying:

'Don't put your head on that fancy sofa pillow, James! How often must I tell you to always spread your handkerchief on the pillow before you lie down? And please don't put your feet upon the sofa. I don't see why you should lie down anyhow, right in the middle of the day!'

James, under these circumstances, is hardly guilty of treason to his wife if he thinks regretfully of the comfortable old sofa in his bachelor quarters, on which he 'lopped down' and kicked up his heels whenever he felt like doing so, without the protesting 'don't' of any woman in his ears. He whistled once in a while there, too, but if he does it now he hears a sharp 'don't' from his wife. She says 'don't' if she catches him giving a nickel to the poor wretched hand-organ man, and it's, 'Now, don't be gone long,' every time he goes down town; and 'don't stay late,' when he goes out at night; 'don't buy this,' and 'I wouldn't buy that,' are familiar and galling expressions to him; and it's 'don't, don't, don't' until poor James becomes so broken in spirit and so fearful of doing something he ought not that his home life is a burden to him; or he may go right on doing as he likes, heedless of his wife's 'don'ts,' but even then there may be times when, loyal though he may be to his wife, he cannot help recalling the times when there were no don'ts' in the way of his free will, and it is better for both husband and wife that he should not think the days of his bachelorhood more joyous than the days of his married life.

Washing the Mouth.

If people would wash out their mouths twice or three times a day with an antiseptic solution, there would not be near so much sickness. In the last ten years I have never had a cold, sore throat or fever, and I ascribe this immunity solely to the fact that I follow this plan rigidly. There are any number of proprietary antiseptics that are excellent for this purpose, but many more simple agents that are as good or better. One of the best of the latter is carbolic acid. A very weak solution of this gargled and held in the mouth two or three times a day will work wonders. Immediately after using, one will find that the mouth feels cleaner. I believe that a great majority of the common throat and lung troubles come from the lodgment of disease microbes within the mucous membranes of the mouth. The free use of antiseptics will kill these germs.—St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'

It is possible to wash flannels without ever shrinking them, but the average laundress does not know the process. Therefore it is worth while to know how to restore shrunken garments to their original size, or something like it. Try laying the article to be restored on the ironing board, and lay on it a piece of cheese-cloth, which has been wrung out of cold water. Press with a hot iron until the cheese-cloth is perfectly dry. The garment will show a marked improvement.

Selected Recipes.

Meat Rissoles.—Half-pound cold meat, 1 oz. flour, yolk of 1 egg, little chopped parsley or mixed herbs, 2 tablespoonfuls gravy, 2 oz. bread crumbs, 1 oz. butter. Melt the butter in a stewpan, fry flour brown, add all the other things, roll in balls and fry in hot fat.

Potato Pie.—Scraps of cold meat or sausage, a little gravy, salt, pepper, herbs to taste, ½ oz. dripping, 1 lb. mashed potatoes. Place the meat at the bottom of pie-dish, add seasoning, cover with the potatoes, bake in moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

Whole Wheat Bread Pudding.—Soak some whole wheat bread in cold milk and water. When soft reduce to a pulp. Add sultana raisins, chopped almonds, as many as desired, sugar to taste, and a beaten egg. Put into a buttered pudding dish and place some bits of butter on top. Bake in oven till brown. Turn out on a flat dish and eat with a sweet sauce.

Cottage Pudding.—A spoonful of butter, a cup of sugar, a cup of milk, a pint of flour, two eggs, a teaspoon of saleratus, two teaspoons of cream of tartar; soften the butter, and then beat to a froth with the sugar and eggs; then add the milk, and lastly the flour, in which the saleratus and cream of tartar are thoroughly mixed; flavor with lemon, and bake in two shallow pudding dishes half an hour, in a moderate open; serve with lemon sauce.

Bechamel Sauce.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter without browning, add one tablespoonful of flour, and mix until smooth. Add one cup of cream and stir continually until it thickens; season to taste with salt and pepper. Just before taking from the fire stir in quickly the yolk of one egg and serve at once. The heat of the sauce is enough to cook the egg if stirred in just as taken from the stove; and if the sauce stands on the fire after the egg has been added it will be spoiled.

Polentae Pomodoro.—Ingredients — Indian meal, salt, water, one Spanish onion, two ounces of butter, half a pound of tomatoes. Cook the meal in a saucepan of boiling salt water for a quarter of an hour. Turn it on to a dish, and when firm cut into slices. Have ready a sauce made with the butter, fried onion and tomatoes. Place a tablespoonful of the mixture on the slices of meal and serve very hot. This is a delicious and wholesome dish in vogue in Italy and often superseding the meat course.—'Girl's Own Magazine.'

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